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Pro-Slavery.

From the Burlington Gazette.

ANTI SLAVERY AND ABOLITION.

NO. II.

FRIEND ATKINSON.—Thy correspondent, Benjamin Lay, says in reference to myself, "my opponent has assumed the name of Clarkson, though it is enough to make the bones of the old sainted Philanthropist shake in his grave. I hope to be excused if I take that of a simple little devoted friend of the oppressed, wherever found." The sentiments expressed by me were never opposed by Thomas Clarkson, but on the contrary, he was an opponent of *immediate* emancipation, and, of course, opposed to the *Anti-Slavery* Society, or, as I should perhaps more properly call it, the *Anti-Abolition* Society. In advocating emancipation in the West Indies, he says, "I never said that our West India slaves were to be emancipated *suddenly*, but by DEGREES. I always, *on the other hand*, took it for granted, that they were to have *a preparatory school* also"—He speaks of a number of examples in which he shows that he considered the slave unfit for *immediate* emancipation, viz: in St. Domingo, Columbia, S. A.—efforts made in Barbadoes, &c. &c. in which he approves of *gradual* emancipation. Nor has that venerable Philanthropist and friend of the African race, within my knowledge, spoken in a single instance of the desirableness of *sudden* emancipation.

I admire the ingenuity of Lay in calling himself the "simple little Benjamin Lay," and then looking for a smooth stone (his success in finding which he seems to doubt,) to act the part of David to slay the "Goliath;" after which, perhaps he expects to be "anointed King" over the *Anti-Slavery Society*.—Beware, lest the stone not being a "*smooth one*" it takes a wrong direction and pierce the head of David.

Lay makes a great parade of great names and great works to endorse the religion of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. The following are *his* expounders of the true religion—"The Church AS it is, by Parker Pillsbury," "The American Clergy, a Brotherhood of Thieves, by S.S. Foster." "A thousand witnesses, by Theodore Weld." "The American Church, the Bulwark of Slavery, by Birney,"—read the titles and then thee may (but it is not necessary,) read the books, and who will believe that the Mormons or Millerites are the only fanatics. Who was Birney? was he not once a slave owner?—did he not *put his slaves in his pocket* and then join the Anti-Slavery Society, to assist them in running off the slaves of others? These are very small game to set up to shoot at, and I give Lay all the benefit of their efforts in behalf of the Anti-Slavery Society.

He says the *Standard* is "an Anti-Slavery paper of the very first class, edited with great ability and truthfulness, and embraces probably more eminent contributors than any other weekly journal published in the United States." Friend Lay, thee must have been badly bitten to have become so rabid. He quotes a number of contributors, "all men of talent and learning,', the names of which are all put in the plural number I suppose for the purpose of doubling or trebling the effect. Among others, he mentions the Jays—what Jays?—the only Jay whose writings in favour of Anti-Slavery have met my eye is William Jay, of New York. I would enquire, what were the opinions of his father, John Jay? He was always in favour of *gradual* emancipation. In a letter to the British Abolition Society, he says, "If the natural operations of truth are constantly *watched and assisted*, but *not forced and precipitate*, the end we all aim at will *finally* be attained in this country."

* * * "When it is considered how many of the legislators in the different States are *proprietors of slaves*, and what *opinions* and *prejudices* they have imbibed on the subject from their infancy, a *sudden and total stop to this species of oppression is not to be expected*;" and in a letter to Elias Boudinot in 1819, he says, "I concur in the opinion that Slavery ought to be *gradually* diminished and *finally* abolished in all the States." These are the opinions of John Jay, whose brilliant talents, learning and wisdom raised him to be the first President of the New York Manumission Society in 1785—Governor of the State of New York, Minister Plenipotentiary, &c. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—and the William Jay referred to by Lay has inherited so much of the brilliant talents, learning and wisdom of his father, that he has to boast of being elevated to the pinnacle of fame, by being raised to be an *Associate Judge of the West Chester County Court*, New York. What does William Jay himself say of his father in 1833? "It was *only* by *slow* degrees, and through the *patient* and *persevering* efforts of Mr. Jay, and a few other zealous pioneers, that the obstacles which retarded the progress of freedom were *gradually* removed, and Slavery exterminated from the soil of New York." William Jay first wrote in favour of the Anti-Slavery Society in 1834 or 5. New York was near 20 years in abolishing Slavery in that State, and which was finally consummated in 1817.

If I were to attempt to follow Lay in bringing forward all the names of the learned, wise, and talented Philanthropists who were opposed to *immediate* emancipation, i. e. ANTI-SLAVERYISM, I would trespass too much upon the columns of thy paper, but I will merely mention a few, viz—Clarkson, Franklin, John Jay, Boudinot, Findleys, Colden, Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Daniel Webster, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Chancellor Walworth, David B. Ogden, Rt. Rev. Dr. Hawks, Rev. Dr. Beecher, William A. Duer, late President of Columbia College, John Duer, Talmadge, Breckenbridge and Gurley, with a host of others equally eminent, all men of talents and learning; of unspotted purity of life, and undoubted philanthropy.

Lay says "Clarkson knows as well as anybody else that after they get the *colour bleached out* of the African, by amalgation with the whites, the females become very valuable, some of them bringing as high as 4 or 5000 dollars, to supply the harems of the nobility." Well, friend Lay, hear what thy champion William Jay says: "If is not very *reputable* to our republicanism and religion, that there should be *any necessity* for seminaries for the *exclusive* use of such of our fellow countrymen as *happen* to have *darker complexions* than our own"—now what does Jay mean but that white and black are in all respects equal? that he advocates association together in Seminaries? and if association, will any one deny after that, marriage, and amalgamation? but which Lay modestly calls "bleaching." If Lay has arrived at the age of manhood, he certainly recollects the riots and disturbances in Philadelphia at the time of the Anti-Slavery Convention, when beautiful but infatuated WHITE WOMEN were seen walking in Chestnut street, arm in arm with NEGRO MEN—and *vice versa*. The same scenes took place in New York, where the police were compelled to take the parties to the Tombs, to prevent their lives being taken by the enraged populace. It is surprising that such exhibitions should create such disturbances, when amalgamation, or "bleaching" is openly advocated by men "of unspotted purity of life, and undoubted philanthropy."

A friend of mine on a visit to New York, some years since says: "I was introduced to a merchant's wife"—(whose name I suppress) "who was an intimate friend of Dr. S. H Cuxe, and a strong advocate of the Anti-Slavery Society. In the course of conversation, she said she saw no reason why black and white children could not go to the same school—that she knew no difference of colours, that she would have no objection to a BLACK MAN visiting in her family circle—that she would not object to his paying his addresses to her daughter, then a beautiful young lady just arriving at womanhood—that if she chose to MARRY HIM she would give them a wedding party, and make no distinction of colour.—I must say that this avowal struck me with such horror, that I immediately left the house, and she ever after appeared to me a monster."

These being the sentiments of the members of the Anti-Slavery Society, and they at the same time crying out against amalgamation—is it that they wish to have a *monopoly* of it? If so, let them have it by all means.

A striking illustration occurred in a New York Sabbath School for coloured people, adults and children, under the patronage of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, formerly of Philadelphia. This school was for a number of years under the superintendence of a person named Taylor—it numbered between three and four hundred scholars. Their moral and religious improvement was most gratifying to the friends of humanity; and success continned without interruption until the introduction of the Anti-Slavery mania. In 1834 it was ascertained that the Superintendent would not join the Anti-Slavery Society, and in consequence of his declining to have that subject introduced into his Sabbath School, the most diligent and persevering efforts were used by the Anti-Slavery advocates to alienate the scholars and estrange their confidence from the school, and its indefatigable teachers, whose practical benevolence had been demonstrated by years of faithful devotion to this work. The result was the diminution of the number of scholars from 300 or 400 to 40 or 50, and the persecution of those who remained.

Daniel Webster, who we all know is a strong Abolitionist, and the favourite son of a State which has taken the strongest ground against Slavery of any in the Union, said in a late speech:—

"I say that all agitations and attempts to disturb the relations between master and slave, by persons not living in the Slave States, are unconstitutional in their spirit, and, in my opinion, productive of nothing but evil and mischief. I countenance none of them. The manner in which the Governments of those States where Slavery exists are to regulate it, is for their own consideration under their responsibility to their constituents, to the general laws of propriety, humanity and justice, and to God. Associations formed elsewhere, springing from a feeling of humanity, or any other cause, have nothing whatever to do with it. They have never received any encouragement from me, and they never will. In my opinion, they have done nothing but to delay and defeat their own professed objects."

I may in a future number endeavour to give friend Lay some *choice extracts* from the Anti-Slavery Standard, as a sample of the "great ability and truthfulness"-with which that paper is edited.

I have trespassed more on thy space than I intended when I commenced, but wish "little Benjamin Lay" would look around him and observe who generally form the members of the Anti-Slavery Society—he will find that individuals and congregations, who are known to be *Radicals* in Church or State;—prone to *Ultraism* on every subject with which they are connected, are the early converts of the Anti-Slavery lecturers. Let the observation be made in any city, town, village or congregation, where Anti-Slavery (or rather Anti-Abolition) has gained partizans, and it will be found that however many from other classes of the population may go over to them, all those known by their general character to be *enthusiasts, visionaries, fanatics, and radicals, in politics or morals, are sure to be included.*

CLARKSON.

Philadelphia, 1mo. 18.1849.

Selections.

From the Bradford Reporter.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE DISTRICT.

LETTER FROM

HON. D. WILMOT.

WASHINGTON, January 20, 1849.

DEAR SIR: I have resolved to devote the evening in writing you a letter, upon the subject of Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia. Should you deem the facts I may communicate, of sufficient importance, I would be pleased to have you prepare for your paper a well digested article, placing them before the public. They could not fail to excite interest at this time, and are valuable as showing the state of public sentiment in times past.

The resolution of Mr. Gott, as you will recollect, did not contemplate *abolition*. It was aimed at the *traffic* in Slaves; and instructed the Committee to report a bill, for the suppression of the Slave Trade within the District of Columbia. This resolution I sustained, in connection with a large majority of the Democrats from the Free States; and do most heartily approve of its object. The South or rather the Slaveholders who alone speak for the South, profess to see in this resolution, a flagrant assault upon Southern rights; and certain Northern presses, among which the Pennsylvanian stands preëminent, in their hot haste to do fealty to the power that dispenses patronage, have denounned it as *unconstitutional*. This overleaps the top of the most ultra, assumption of the South. It is a plunge into the lowest depths of subserviency the the Slave Power and excites emotions of pity and contempt. There is not an eminent Southern statesman, Mr. Calhoun excepted, so reckless of his fame as to promulgate such a doctrine. "*Exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever.*" is given to Congress by the Constitution over the District of Columbia. There could be no broader or more comprehensive grant of power. No State has legislative authority over this District, and if every Southern State were to abolish Slavery to-day, still it must remain perpetual here, if the power of Congress over it is denied. The propriety or policy of exercising that power at this time is a question about which right-minded men may honestly differ; but to deny the existence of the power, and the constitutional authority of Congress over the subject belongs to a class of Doughfaces rare even among the official menials of Power. "Such a fellow should be whipped for over doing—he out herods Herod."

The traffic in Slaves as carried on in this District, should in my judgment be prohibited at once—cut up roof and branch; but I am not of those, who would vote at this time, for the absolute and immediate abolition of Slavery here. I would sustain a bill for gradual emancipation, so founded as that no injustice should be done to individual and private interests.

The District of Columbia, is wholly within the original limits of the State of Maryland; that portion received from Virginia, having retroceded; and to a proper understanding of the merits of Mr. Gott's resolution, it should be known, that the State of Maryland has prohibited the internal Slave-Trade by by severe penal statutes. No slave can be brought from another State into Maryland, for the purpose of sale, and the whole traffic is discountenanced, by a strong and humane public sentiment. Thus the slave dealers of Maryland, driven from their own State, make the City of Washington the smart and head quarters of their operations. The business is here carried on, in a manner that would not be tolerated in the cities of Baltimore or Anapolis.—Here slave pens are erected within sight of the Capitol, and all the disgusting details of a business exposed to view, before the Nation and the world, from which the Maryland Slaveholder shrinks, and which is made punishable by the laws of that State. It was against this infamous traffic that Mr. Gott's resolution was directed, and not against the property of the *bona fide* slaveholder of the District.

This subject has repeatedly been presented to Congress. On the first day of March, 1816, John Randolph, of Virginia, introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire, into the existence of an inhuman and illegal traffic in slaves, carried on in, and through the Distrbt of Columbia, and to report whether any, and what measures are necessary for putting a stop to the same."

By reference to the columns of the National Intelligencer of that date, I find that Mr. Randolph urged upon the House, the necessity of providing a remedy for a practice so heinous and abominable, as making this District a depot for the Slave-Trade of the neighbouring States, and enforced his resolution by a variety of remarks, concluding by the declaration, that "if the business was declined by the House, he would undertake it himself, and ferret out of their holes and corners the villains who carried it on."

The resolution passed without a *division*, and a committee was appointed consisting of one Northern, and four Southern members, Mr. Randolph being chairman. At this period, many of the most eminent Democrats of the South, were members of the House of Representatives; among them I find the names of Calhoun and Loundes, of South Carolina, Phillip P. Barbour, of Virginia, John Forsyth, of Georgia, and Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina. Yet Mr. Randolph's resolution created no excitement, nor did it meet with opposition. It passed without a call of the yeas and nays, or any division of the House. A Southern committee consented to take charge of the subject, not dreaming that it was an invasion of the rights of the South; much less, that it proposed action upon a subject, over which Congress had no constitutional control. It did not provoke the assemblage of a Southern caucus, to devise plans of resistance, and for the dissolution of the Union. This resolution covered the whole ground embraced in Mr. Gott's and its language is no more courteous to the Chivalry, than is the preamble of that gentleman. Randolph characterized the Slave Trade within this District, as *inhuman, illegal, nefarious and abominable*; and those engaged in it, as *villains*, whose holes and corners he would ferret out; and his movement looked to its entire and total suppression.

Again, in 1824, a memorial signed by more than one thousand of the reputable citizens of this District, was presented to Congress, praying for the gradual abolition of Slavery; and about the same period, the grand jury presented the traffic in Slaves here, as a grievance. The neglect of Congress to suppress this National reproach, induced the corporate authorities of Washington to attempt it. In 1831, a city ordinance was passed, requiring of those who made the buying and selling of slaves a business, to obtain from the Mayor a license, for which there was annually charged the sum of four hundred dollars, an amount so large as effectually to put a stop to the traffic. This ordinance was resisted by the dealers in slaves, and the district court decided that the corporation had not the authority to pass it. Thus, the laudable efforts of the citizens themselves, were defeated, in consequence of the circumscribed power of the corporation under the city charter. I am fully satisfied that a majority of the citizens of the District, would, to-day, vote for the immediate suppression of this infamous traffic, and for the gradual abolition of Slavery itself. The bill offered by Mr. Giddings in the early part of the present session, was highly objectionable, inasmuch as it proposed to admit the blacks, bond and free, to vote upon the question of the continuance of Slavery within this District. I expressed to Mr. Giddings and to others, immediately on its being offered, my strong repugnance to the bill, and my regrets that he had not given a practicable character to the measure, by providing for taking the sense of the legal and qualified voters of the District. I, however, voted in connection with a large proportion of the Democrats from the Free States, against the motion to lay the bill upon the table, in order that it might be referred to the appropriate committee, remodeled, and again brought before the House in an unexceptionable form. Had the motion to lay on the table failed, I should immediately have moved, that the bill be referred to the Committee upon the District of Columbia, with instructions so to amend it, as to allow the legal voters, to express through the ballot box, their wishes, whether for or against the continuance of Slavery within this District.

On the 6th of January, 1829, Mr. Minor, of Pennsylvania, offered the following resolutions, accompanied by a long preamble, setting forth the outrages and inhumanities practised here, in the prosecution of the Slave traffic:

"Be it resolved, That the Committee on the District of Columbia, be instructed to take into consideration the laws within the District in respect to Slavery; and that they inquire into the Slave Trade as it exists in, and carried on through the District, and that they report to the House such amendments to the existing laws as shall seem to them to be just."

"Resolved, That the Committee be further instructed, to inquire into the exp diency of providing by law for the gradual abolition of Slavery within the District, in such manner that the interest of the individual shall be injured thereby.

On these resolutions Mr. Weems demanded that the question, "will the House now proceed to consider the same?" be put. And the question being put, it passed in the affirmative, ayes, 101—nays 70. Nearly the entire Democratic representation from the North, voted in the affirmative;—and every member from Pennsylvania, except three. In the affirmative stand recorded James Buchanan, George Wolf, and Samuel McKean, of our State; Silas Wright, C. C. Cambreling and Michael Hoffman, of New York, together with many others whose names are favourably known to the Democracy of the country. Mr. Wickliff moved "that the preamble be stricken out," and Mr. Alexander moved, "that the resolutions do lie upon the table; which latter motion was lost, by a vote of 107, to 66, nearly every Northern man voting in the negative. The motion of Mr. Wickliff prevailed, and the preamble was stricken out, when the first resolution was passed by a vote of 120, to 59; and the second, by a vote of 114, to 66. Only some three or four Northern men voted against the passage of these resolutions; and from Pennsylvania only *one* name is recorded in the negative.

The foregoing brief history from the records of the past, while it exhibits the growth of that arrogant and dictatorial spirit, which now impotently threatens the dissolution of the Union, will also, I trust, admonish certain Editors at the North, ever ready to do the work of Slavery, (at least so long as they are well paid,) to be more cautious in future, how they deal out blows, least they fall upon the heads of their friends.

Very truly, yours,

D. WILMOT.

To E. O. GOODRICH.

THE CRISIS OF FREEDOM.

We find in several of our exchanges the following extract of an article in the *Christian Examiner*, by the Rev. Dr. Dewey. The *Examiner* from which it is copied we have not seen, and therefore know nothing more of the character of the article than the extract would seem to indicate. It gives us pleasure to publish anything from the pen of Dr. Dewey so strikingly in contrast with sentiments to which in past years he has given utterance:

In the opening of this discussion we remarked that there were certain questions which deeply agitate us at home. It is, indeed, a part of that great movement in men's minds which pervades the whole civilized world. Abroad, men are demanding more freedom for themselves. Here, we are demanding it for the slave. We have come, and the whole world has come, within a few years, to a new view of this whole subject. But at the present moment, the demand here has taken a particular form. A determination has very plainly manifested itself in this nation, within a few months past, that there shall be no further extension of the slave system upon our territory. We believe that, effectively, the battle for free soil is already fought, and the victory won. We rejoice at it, more than we rejoice at any public event within our memory. Whether we are right or wrong, the impulse of our whole heart is to say, We thank God for it!

We rejoice at it, and we give thanks; but it is in no spirit of unkindness to our fellow-citizens of the Southern States. We respect many of them, whom we know. We believe them to be perfectly sincere and conscientious in the defence of their system.—But they must allow us to be sincere too, and conscientious. We believe that enslaving men is substantively a wrong. We cannot get over, nor around, nor away from the conviction, that it is a wrong, which, instead of being extended, should be extinguished as fast as possible. We believe that it is a wrong to human nature,—that it is a wrong to man as man. What is to man as an animal, we will not now ask; whether it feeds and clothes him well, whether it makes him comfortable, whether it allows him to be joyous and sportive, or how often it visits him with stripes, gashes him with wounds, sends bloodhounds to pursue him like a dog or a wolf, we will not ask. Human Slavery is a wrong to the *nature* that it takes effect upon. It mistakes and maltreats that nature.

There stands a human being;—may his master cultivate his faculties as he would those of his child? By no means: it will never do; he would be no longer a slave. Slavery, then, denies to this nature its inherent rights, denies its progress, commands it to stop, to stand still,—will not, does not, dare not permit it to rise. Why, let me ask any man, the stoutest defender of this system,—Would you think it right to enslave the poorest, meanest, most imbecile white man that lives in the next cottage?—Would you think it right, right before God, to seize him, or buy him, and sell him, and sell his wife and his children, and their posterity forever after, into hopeless bondage? The answer is, No. The conscience of all the world says, No. What then? Can the complexion of a skin—whitened by a Northern sky, bronzed by an Indian clime, or blackened beneath the heats of Africa—make all this stupendous difference between right and wrong,—make that to be just under one shade of colour, which under another would be infinitely unjust? Is this the ethics of the slave system—that a brand or a chain upon a white skin is a heinous wrong, to make all the world cry out with indignation, and that a brand or a chain upon a coloured skin is a righteous and lawful mark and badge?

This is the strong ground of the "Free Soil" argument, but this is not all. The wrong principle works out bad effects. Not as visionary dreamers, not as mere moralizers, do we protest against the slave system; but as political economists, as patriot citizens, as those who wish to see upon their territories the most vigourous and prosperous growth of men. If there were a Upas-tree which could be introduced into California and New Mexico, to spread a fatal blight throughout all the land, who would permit it to be planted there? Slavery is that Upas-tree. It is a blight to industry, making it a degradation: it is a blight to the very soil, exhausting its fertility; it is a blight to the general education of the white race, from the necessary sparseness of that class of the population; it is a blight to the whole internal activity and mechanical genius and commercial prosperity of any people. Why, one of the strongest pleas for the occupancy of a new soil is, that the old is worn out. It is said, we know, that the torrid zone cannot be cultivated by any but black men. Suppose it were true, is that an argument for making them slaves? But we doubt if it be so. We do not believe there is any region in which white men cannot be acclimated and accustomed to toil. Are the people of Brazil and Hindoostan and Siam black men? And even if the burning line bronzes the complexions of men as they approach it, is that, we repeat, any reason for making them slaves? Do the free and fierce elements, as they sweep around, write *slave* upon the brow which they have darkened?

No, complexion is not the brand of servitude even in the slaveholder's estimation. It is descent from the slave mother, even though her children be almost as white as their master. It is not nature's direction, but arbitrary enactment, that makes a slave. It is "local law." And it seems to us that it would have been much wiser for the slaveholder to have said that the law established a *relation*, rather than a tenure,—a certain relation between him and the slave, like the old serfdom, rather than property in man. A human being to be property! commodity, chattel, implement! Universal human nature cries out upon it with abhorrence. The idea is not tenable, not tolerable, hardly conceivable. No, it is a relation established by arbitrary, particular, local law. The slaveholder is estopped by all natural law from arguing that he has just as good a right to carry his slaves to the new territory as to carry his horse or his plough or his cotton-mill.

But here is the trouble. If the planter were forbidden by the Government to carry a certain machine for packing cotton to the new territories, because it was known to injure the fabric, doubtless he would be offended. But it is a very different kind of offence that he takes at being forbidden to carry his slaves there. What is this difference? Why does this latter prohibition, or the proposal of it, awaken such a peculiar sensibility? It is that the refusal is put on moral grounds. It is our fixed conviction that Slavery is morally wrong, that makes our position so exasperating to the people of the South. They say, "You proscribe us by the proposed law. You assail our character. You say that we have among us a practice so bad that it cannot be tolerated. Then we must be bad men. We cannot submit to this!" For our own part, we are painfully sensible to this bearing of our position and our argument; to their bearing upon many excellent, honourable, and Christian men. But we must say, that the fault is not ours. We have taken no new ground upon this matter of Slavery. It is they that have placed themselves in a new and a wrong position. Pressed by attacks from the North, and indeed from the whole civilized world, and led on by an eminent statesman of their own, they have forsaken the old defensive ground, and assumed the offensive. They have forsaken the ground which their and our fathers held,—that Slavery was a system entailed upon them, and from which they could not immediately free themselves,—and they boldly maintain that it is a most excellent, a most admirable, and a most Christian institution, and ought to be permanent; that it is perfectly just and right to buy and sell men like cattle in the market, and to hold them in bondage forever. It is this that has brought us into direct, moral collision as opposing parties.

Who shall yield? It is a solemn and momentous question. We cannot. If they will not,—if the Southern States choose to break off from this Republic, and to set up a confederacy themselves,—there are two things, we think, not to mention others, which are to be commended to their very serious consideration. First, it has been very well asked, Which of these States will consent to be border States? Will Virginia and Kentucky, or will North Carolina and Tennessee? They must build a wall far higher than the Chinese wall, or they cannot keep their slaves a month. The bondman will have but to pass an imaginary line, to cross a field, or to leap a fence, and he will be free. Next, the Republic, that establishes itself with the feelings and on a simple footing of a preference of the slave system, will lay itself under the ban of the whole Christian world. We should not wonder if some civilized nation should refuse to send embassadors to it. We should not wonder if, by others, the very courtesies of private life should be denied to its citizens. The reproach of which they now complain would gather into a weight of universal reprobation, that would be enough to crush down any people. They may resent the suggestion now, they may say they are sufficient to themselves; but no family, no community, no nation, can long stand against universal scorn and indignation. The inhabitants of such a country would gradually forsake it; or they would go down in self-respect, in virtue, in character, as certainly as there are laws of the social world that bind them in common with other men.

These are painful things to say; but, in common with many other considerations, they persuade us that there will be no disolution of the Union. It is painful to them; but, on such a subject, free, frank, plain words are to be spoken. The true courtesy between honest and honourable men is perfect and fearless sincerity. If we had brothers of our own blood in the South, we should say this to them. We should say, "You cannot separate from us; you cannot arrange any feasible plan of separation, and you would bring upon yourselves the deepest injury and dishonour before the whole world, if you could."

We say dishonour before the world. There is no doubt about that. But we mind not mainly, in this matter, what the world says, what the world calls dishonour. We stand upon the ground of eternal right. Freedom is our nature's birthright. Where is the man on the face of God's earth who will say, that for the slave to break the chain which binds him, and to flee from it, is an unworthy deed,—is forbidden by nature's law? Nowhere. The voice of all the world thus adjudges Slavery to be a wrong to humanity. Freedom, we say, is our nature's birthright. We are "*called* to liberty" by the voice of Heaven—and now, emphatically, of earth also. A cry has gone through the world, saying, "Up, and demand justice! Up, and be free!" Justice! Empires are shaken, thrones tremble, kings grow pale at that word. Justice! It is the stability of the universe; it is the throne of Heaven; it is the guardianship of the world; it is the law of all time: it is the empire of eternity!

If we have detained our readers long, the importance of the subjects upon which we have been engaged must be our apology. This is a time for clear, discriminating, fixed, and firm opinion and decision. Never were the moral elements of the world in such commotion as now; and they are all tending to one point,—the enfranchisement of humanity from all unjust bonds. Freedom! the moralist's, the poet's, sage's theme in all ages, we do not yet know, perhaps, how precious is this boon to our very nature. No commendation, no boasting, can tell or explain what it is to us. Free speech, free thought, free action! Speech, thought, action, are nothing without this living element. Friendship is free, and retired life is free; and leisure after success is free; and more than half the charm of them lies in this. Whatever befalls us, whatever calamity, affliction, or sorrow, O, let us be free! Put no manacle upon our hand, put no dogma in our head, put no superstition in our heart. The trees wave in freedom on the hills; the streams flow in freedom; beast, bird, and insect are free; the creation is the theatre of freedom; shall man sigh in it, as a dungeon-slave? One bond there is for him,—bond to lawful headship in the family and the state,—bond to justice,—bond to the infinite Rectitude; but that bond is perfect Freedom.

The following letter from Rev. A. A. Livermore, of Keene, who is spending the winter in Santa Cruz for the benefit of his health, was addressed to the editor of the *Christian World*, and having been received since the close of that journal, has been sent to us for publication. We hope Brother Livermore, during his residence abroad, and in that sunny clime, will remember his frost-bitten friends at home, and makes us the frequent and welcome dispensers of his intellectual and spiritual bounty.—ED. (CHRISTIAN) INQUIRER.

SANTA CRUZ, Dec. 6, 1848.

BROTHER CHANNING:—Agreeably to my promise, I write you respecing some matters in this part of the world, in which you may be interested, and about which there is little minute and accurate information in our country. After a short and delightful voyage of eleven days, two of which we passed at Bermudas, we arrived at St. Thomas in the fine English steamship Forth, Captain Sturdee. Thence we crossed forty miles to this island in a small packet, and soon found very good quarters in which to pass a few months;—a healthful situation, agreeable and refined society, books, music, walks, rides, recreations—and above all, that faith, which, under every different name, still wears a heavenly face to its votaries.

This is a most lovely island, and the late refreshing showers have touched to a fresher and livelier green every shrub, and tree, and field. The cane harvest has not yet commenced, and the plantations devoted to this principal crop of the island, are therefore covered with the luxuriant green, which resembles our corn-fields more nearly than anything else. The prospect bids fair for an abundant harvest, and "the little hills rejoice on every side." The only qualification to an unmingled satisfaction in this hope is, that this bounteous juice of nature is distilled into a liquid fire that steals away the brains, and consumes the hearts of thousands.

There have been three periods in West Indian history: 1. The settlement by the Europeans. 2. The introduction of African Slavery. 3. Emancipation. All these glorious islands, except those under Spain, have now entered into the third period. These lands of Paradise, which first greeted the eyes of Columbus in his voyage to the New World, which gave birth to Josephine, the noble but injured wife of Napoleon, which matured the heroic virtue of Toussaint L'Ouverture, which kindled the lyric fire of Placido, but which have been darkened by some of the worst crimes of humanity, piracy, Slavery, and the slave trade, are part and parcel of the great European and American world, and the first word in that modern world is Liberty. The distant places of the sea have felt the magnetism of the age, and Mrs. Partington could sooner mop out the Atlantic than kings or Parliaments stay the invisible and omnipotent influence.

But nothing makes an American hang his head, and blush more for his country when abroad, than the bondage of three millions of the natives of his soil, and the desperate resolution of so many at the North as well as the South, to uphold and extend the system of wrong, and invoke new penalties of retribution from a righteous Providence. May heaven and man hasten the day when the curse of bondmen and bondwomen shall no more hang like a millstone around the neck of America, dragging her down to perdition.

Three of the West India Islands, Santa Cruz, or St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. Johns, are colonies of Denmark. They lie near together, and are under one Governor-General, appointed by the Danish crown. Until the 28th of July, 1847, the system of Slavery prevailed in these islands, though in a much milder and more restricted form than in the Spanish colonies or the United States. Laws existed against hasty or cruel punishments, and every slave could buy his freedom at the price which was given for him. On that day, Christian VIII. issued a royal decree that all children, born of slave parents, after September 18th, 1847, should be free from their birth, and that at the end of twelve years from the date of the decree, or on the 28th of July, 1859, all in servitude should be emancipated.

Schools, common and Sunday, have been open to the blacks for many years, and there appeared to be none of that superstitious fear of knowledge in the Danish colonies, which, in the Southern States dooms multitudes of human beings to the midnight of ignorance. But after the above mentioned decree was passed by the Danish Government, uneasiness arose among the blacks, which it is thought was instigated and fomented by no less a person than Von Scholten, the Governor-General. Accordingly on Monday, the 3d of last July, the slaves rose in general throughout this island, where they were much the most numerous, refused to work and demanded their freedom. After committing various acts of outrage upon public and private property, though none upon person or life, Von Scholten on that day, upon his own authority, and on the plea of necessity, though without putting forth one exertion, or using the military forces under his control to arrest the insubordination, proclaimed an immediate emancipation of all those called the "unfree" negroes. On Tuesday and Wednesday, the black people made a complete Saturnalia of license over the whole island (there were few or no disturbances in St. Thomas and St. Johns) roaming about in companies of several thousands, drinking to intoxication, riding the horses and mules of their late masters, threatening the whites with all manner of outrages and cruelties, entering houses and stores, and destroying a considerable amount of property. At Bass, or East End, they were fired upon by some resolute private individuals, and repulsed with the loss of several lives. The first person who fell dead was a woman. Meanwhile, little or no effect was made by the civil and and military authorities to put an end to these disturbances, and many white families fled to the ships in the harbour.

Finally, however, a large number of the most violent of the insurgents were taken prisoners, and the aid of Spanish troops from Porto Rico, was called in, to the number of 500 or 600. Fifteen blacks were executed by being shot, and order and safety was once more restored to the panic-struck inhabitants. Von Scholten is gone home to Denmark in disgrace, has been refused, it is said, an audience by the king, and is to be tried for mal-administration of his government. No other acts of serious insubordination have occurred in the island, except a few weeks since, on the part of the coloured militia at West End, who were immediately disarmed by the Spanish commander. In the meantime, Frederic the Sixth, successor of the late King, has by an edict, of September the 22d, 1848, confirmed the act of emancipation of Von Scholten, dated July 3d, and appointed in his place as Governor-General, Peter Hansen, late Governor of the Danish settlements in the East Indies. He arrived in this island on the 26th of November, and is now entering with energy and wisdom, as is the general opinion, into his new duties. On the 27th ult. the Spanish forces stationed in the island since July last, were transported in Danish ships back to Porto Rico. But several hundred fresh troops have lately been sent out from Denmark, so that the inhabitants feel no serious apprehensions of further outbreaks. The blacks have for the most part gone to work, and they are now regularly paid by their former masters for their labour. On one sugar-cane plantation, with the superintendent of which I am acquainted, the black people work nine hours a day, and are paid, every week, at the rate of three dollars a month; besides which, they have their house-rent, and various other priviledges and perquisites. With wisdom and firmness on the part of the Government, moderation and generosity on the part of the whites, a reasonable degree of industry and contentment among the blacks and coloured or mulatto population of various degrees, all present heart-burnings may gradually be cooled, and law, liberty, and love, rule supreme in the island of the "Holy Cross." But there are no doubt, many more difficulties in the case than a stranger would at first perceive. I have endeavoured to gain as accurate a knowledge of the facts relative to the late Emancipation as possible, but it is almost out of the question, not to give some false impressions, or distort in some way, in affairs depending so much on hearsay—the severe perspective of truth.

1. We learn from this brief history, the progress of that eternal law of Liberty, which is going from island to island, and country to country, and which will in due time overthrow even American Slavery.

2. We see the utter groundlessness of those alarms, forever thrown out by Calhoun, Clay, and others, that the slaves, if free, would murder their masters, and burn up their houses and cities. They did not in the British West Indies, when set free; they did not take a life, nor destroy any considerable amount of property in the Danish West Indies, when they took their freedom into their own hands. It is a cruel wrong and slander against the slave, to deny him his liberty on the ground of a rhetorical fiction of the orators.

3. We observe, however, that there are great practical difficulties in getting rid of Slavery; there will be discontent, refusal to work, perhaps, less sugar, rum, cotton, &c. So be it. Better so than otherwise. For this would not be God's world, if such an unnatural and wrongful relation as that of Slavery, could be put away, as easily as an infant goes to sleep. It is folly to expect, perhaps impiety to wish it. The forced labour of the blacks has sweetened the cup of the world, let us not complain, if their release lets fall into that cup one drop of soul. God has made men, we ween, for some better use than raising cane, cotton, and tobacco. West India exports we believe, will not, in the end, decrease. West Indian men we are sure will rise. At Bermuda, where freedom has been enjoyed ten years, the blacks and coloured population have a very respectable appearance.

4. The experiment in Santa Cruz has convinced the people here that the more schools, light, religion the blacks have, even in Slavery, the better prepared they will be for Freedom, and the less outrage they will commit when they become free, whether voluntary or involuntarily. Let not the Slave States of Christian America, hope to escape unpunished, if they systematically stultify and brutify the minds of the labouring class throughout their borders.—It is an act of high treason against the Supreme Intelligence, to whom these human souls, however benighted, are kindred sparks. Let them not continue to treasure up wrath against the day of wrath.

Fraternally yours,

A. A. L.

MR. DOHONEY'S RESOLUTION—THE PRO-SLAVERY VOTE IN THE LEGISLATURE—THE DUTY OF EMANCIPATION.

Saturday last was a remarkable day at Frankfort—decidedly it ought to be marked with a "blue bean."—The perpetualists of Kentucky who have no Saint in the calendar to whom they can look for favour, ought, by all means, hereafter, to hold the third day of February in the most kindly remembrance. They ought to have a day. The English have Saint George's day; which they hold, or rather did hold in reverence in honour of the dragon slayer of Cappadocia—the Irish have Saint Patrick's day, in honour of that Saint who banished Paganism and frogs from the "emerald isle"—the Scotch, at home, have a day, and in this country they make it a matter of conscience to meet together on the twenty-fifth of January, not in honour of a Saint, it is true, but of a much better man than some saints that we have heard of—and even, according to a vengrable adage, "every dog has his day." Well, then, since all sorts of men and dogs have their day, why should not the Kentucky perpetualists have their day, and why should not the third of February be that day?

Saturday last was a very remarkable day at Frantfort. It was dark and cloudy here, but we suppose it was clear and beamy at the seat of Government. The slaveholders' convention met there on that day, and we presume they resolved that emancipation is precisely what they do not wish to effect. Well, as nobody expected them to resolve otherwise, we fear that their labour of love was lost. But what were the doings of the slaveholders' convention when compared with the remarkable extra performed by the "assembled wisdom of the State?"—Did not Mr. Dohoney, with a heart brimful of ebullient patriotism and philanthropy, rise in his place in the House of Representatives, and offer the subjoined most delectable resolution?

Resolved, That we, the *Representatives of the people of Kentucky*, are opposed to the abolition or emancipation of Slavery in any form or shape whatever.

Well, we cannot too highly admire the comprehensiveness of Mr. Dohoney's resolution. It opposes both the abolition and the emancipation of Slavery in any form or shape. We love to dwell on the elegance of Mr. Dohoney's collocation of words. He is opposed to the "emancipation of Sl

strength and repudiate it. We blush to add that we have been credibly informed that many of the members who voted for this disgraceful resolution have frequently announced themselves unreservedly in favour of emancipation in some "form or shape," and yet they faltered and voted in favour of a resolution that misrepresents their own opinions as well as the opinions of those who sent them there.

Friends of emancipation, the time for action has now come! It now devolves on you to wipe from the fame of our State the foul blot which the members of the House of Representatives have placed upon it. It is now your sacred duty to come forth and exhibit your strength. If the vote on Mr. Dohoney's resolution represents the public sentiment of Kentucky, let it be known; but if it does not, then some steps are indispensable to disprove it.—Delay no longer to act with vigour and directness. Follow the glorious example of Louisville. The opponents of Slavery in this city have held one large meeting already, and on Monday night next, they will hold another meeting which will doubtless be one of the most imposing in numbers and respectability ever held in the State. They will then deny that the resolution adopted at Frankfort on Monday last represents them, in a tone and with an emphasis not likely to be misunderstood by those who, on this subject, misrepresent our city in the Legislature. Be active, be vigilant, friends of emancipation. Meet together in every county in the State and declare your will. Do not let the perpetualists impose fetters and chains on your hearts and tongues, but in the true spirit of freemen, meet and express your views. This you owe to yourselves and to the great and good cause which has won your judgment and sympathy. You must act at once and with firmness. Do not delay to declare that the Legislature has misrepresented you, and let the world know that Kentucky is not the paradise of the advocates of Slavery and slaves.

The Pro Slavery men are growing bold throughout the State. We are glad to see them active. Something was needed to call out the friends of emancipation, and if the conduct of the Pro-Slavery men and the recent course of the Legislature fail to have the desired effect upon them, we shall be greatly disappointed. A few emancipationists in each county should meet together forthwith and concert such measures as will best serve to bring their friends together. A meeting in each county, to be followed by a vigourous organization, for the purpose of bringing the strength of the emancipationists to bear on the elections for the Convention and Legislature next August, are now necessary. If our friends in the different counties will pursue this course, they will disabuse the people of the error under which they now lie in regard to the Anti-Slavery sentiment in the State. The Pro-Slavery men are striving to make it appear that there are but few persons in Kentucky favourable to relieving the State from the pressure and curse of African Slavery, and that the subject of emancipation is not to be "*agitated*" this year. This is the very profound policy resolved on by the Pro-Slavery men, and they are chuckling over its fancied success. Rise, friends of emancipation, come forward all you who believe that the spirit of christianity and the genius of true republicanism are opposed to Slavery, and display your strength. You are called on by the highest motives that can appeal to human hearts to rise and make your views known.—The times imperatively demand such action of you. Be men, true-hearted, free spoken men, and let your Pro Slavery neighbours understand that they can neither frighten nor browbeat you into silence. Come up to the work that lies before you with all the earnestness and devotion of freemen who feel that a deep responsibility rests on their consciences. The peace of your own minds, the welfare of your children, the fame and prosperity of your State, all conspire to urge you to labour vigorously, perseveringly and efficiently in the glorious cause of emancipation. Success lies before you and humanity beckons you on, and can you be blind to the charms of the one and deaf to the voice of the other? Act, with the firmness of christians, of patriots, of freemen, of men, and victory will crown your efforts, and Heaven's smile will rest upon your souls.

In conclusion, we will state that we are aware that many of the members who voted for Mr. Dohoney's wretched resolution, did not mean thereby to declare themselves to be in favour of perpetuating Slavery. But by voting for it they have seemingly repudiated the opinions of the wisest and best men this country has ever produced—the opinions of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Clay, and others—who are looked up to with reverence by men of all sections. We know that a majority of them profess to be opposed to perpetuating the curse of Slavery, but the resolution they have voted for expresses entire opposition to emancipation.—We have no doubt that many of them will live to repent this ill timed act. It is a great blunder, and that, if Talleyrand is to be believed, is worse in politics, than a crime. We deeply regret that any thing so disgraceful has occurred. We have no doubt, however, it will have a good effect, for it will certainly rouse the emancipationists, throughout the State, into an assertion of their opinions.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on Thursday of last week, a petition was presented by Mr. Green, of Milton, from William Jenkins and sundry legal voters and others, of Andover, praying for the peaceful secession of Massachusetts from the Union, for the reasons weightily therein set forth. We happened to be present, and was struck with the levity which was exhibited by many on the announcement of the petition, and its object. They seemed to regard it as a truism to say, that a State glorying in its Freedom ought not to be in partnership with States glorying in their Slavery—what though the coloured citizens of Massachusetts, on entering Southern ports, are condemned to the chain-gang, to fine and imprisonment, and to the auction block—what though the State is powerless, and can give them no protection, nor obtain for them any redress—what though the Slave Power has destroyed the liberty of speech, and of the press, and the right of petition—what though, by the compromises of the United States Constitution, Massachusetts is implicated in all the crimes and horrors of the slave system—what though the Government was fundamentally subverted by the unconstitutional and profligate annexation of the slaveholding republic of Texas—to demand, for these reasons, a secession of the Commonwealth from the Union excites a smile of derision. What fatuity!

Mr. Green moved that the petition be read. The Speaker declared the motion to be carried. "Doubted, doubted," cried many voices. On standing up to be counted, however, upwards of a hundred members responded in the affirmative, and only nine in the negative. The petition was then read by the Clerk. Mr. Green said it deserved grave and respectful consideration, and he therefore moved its reference to a select committee. Mr. Kellogg, of Pittsfield, moved that it be referred to a Judiciary committee; and it was accordingly given that direction. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Green alluded to the extraordinary attack made a few days previous in the House by Colonel Schouler, of the *Atlas*, on a highly esteemed teacher in the Normal School, because he was an officer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

As to the dissolution of the Union, he said on inquiry perhaps it might be found, that the teacher thus censured obtained his views on this subject from a certain Governor of the Commonwealth—(Governor Briggs.) Colonel Schouler affected to be wholly ignorant of any disunion sentiments that had emanated from any Governor of the State. To quicken his memory, therefore, we make the following extract from an Address to the People of the Free States of the Union, issued at Washington, March 3, 1843, and signed by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, GEORGE N. BRIGGS, and eighteen other members of Congress—in reference to the prospective annexation of Texas:

"We hesitate not to say, that annexation, effected by any act or proceeding of the Federal Government, or any of its departments, WOULD BE IDENTICAL WITH DISSOLUTION. It would be *a violation of our national compact*, its OBJECTS AND DESIGNS, and the great ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES which entered into its formation, of a character so *deep and fundamental*, and would be ☞ an attempt to *eternize an institution and a power of nature* so unjust in themselves, so injurious to the interests and abhorrent to the feelings of the people of the Free States, as, in our opinion, not only inevitably to result in a *dissolution of the Union*, but FULLY TO JUSTIFY IT; and we not only assert that the people of the Free States "OUGHT NOT TO SUBMIT TO IT," but we say, with confidence, *they would not submit to it*. We know their present temper and spirit on this subject too well to believe, for a moment, that they would become *participes criminis* in any such subtle contrivance for the *irremediable perpetuation* of an institution, which the wisest and best men who formed our Federal Constitution, as well from the slave as the Free States, *regarded as an evil and a curse*, soon to become extinct under the operation of laws soon to be passed prohibiting the slave trade, and the progressive influence of the principles of the Revolution."

☞ Now if this is not only to advocate a dissolution of the Union, on the highest religious and political considerations, but also to DECLARE THE UNION ABOLISHED, in a certain contingency—*which contingency has happened*—then words have no meaning. But where is George N. Briggs now?

Will Colonel Schouler please to read the following editorial article from the *Boston Atlas* of March, 1845, and tell us what he thinks of it?

"The die is cast. The Foreign State of Texas is admitted as a part of this Union. The Constitution of these United States has been infringed and violated. The glorious charter, which our Fathers bequeathed to us, has been disregarded and disgraced. The most solemn oaths of a majority of both Houses of Congress have been openly and shamelessly set at nought. The spirit of rapine and plunder has prevailed over the influence of order and patriotism. The Union of these States hangs now but by a slender thread. Those who choose to remain subordinate to that Union may do so. Those who are not willing to rest under the exercise of usurped power—who do not choose to abide by a Government which may be converted into anything which the selfishness of party demagogues, and the violence of party spirit, may make it, are *at liberty to absolve themselves from that Union forever*. But a week since, we were sister States of a well ordered and compact Union—we were members of a noble, peaceful, and legally organized political co-partnery. To-day, we find ourselves entangled with a *new alliance*—called to hold fellowship with a new partner, of questionable character, smuggled into our concern without our consent, and against the most plain and obvious meaning of the articles of agreement by which we were bound together.

The Constitution has been most manifestly and *outrageously disregarded and broken*. Whether all the States of this Union will see fit to sit still, and quietly submit to this gross violation of the common bond of unity—*or whether some of them will stand forth upon their reserved rights, and declare to the world their firm intention of withdrawing from a confederacy in which their rights have been so flagrantly disregarded*—is more than we will attempt, at present, to imagine. We will not forbear, however, to express the opinion—which we do now express coolly, calmly and deliberately—that this annexation of the Foreign State of Texas to the Government and territory of the United States, is so open and flagrant an infraction of the Constitution, *as to absolve each State from any further regard to the Union*, than her people may see fit to pay to it."

True, Colonel Schouler was not then editor of the *Atlas*, but he was of the *Lowell Courier*. What was the language uttered by the *Courier* at that time? Hear!

"Well, what is our remedy? Shall we nullify and secede from the Union? Could the Free States be brought up to that point, we *should say yes!* let the South stagger alone with her load of sin and shame—we will have none of it.—But that is impossible. The people of the North are averse to a change, and will bear much before they complain, and complain long before they take other measures. Whether they will ever be *kicked into dissolution*, remains to be seen. They are evidently considered now only useful to pay the debts and fight the battles of the Union."

"Massachusetts has declared that the act of annexation will have no *binding force* upon her. *The Free States should never recognize the members of Texas as members of Congress*, no matter how many broad seals attest their election—but should send them back to their constituents."—*Liberator*.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY FEBRUARY, 22, 1849.

The Moral Movement against Slavery.

A week or two ago the editorship of the *Boston Republican* passed into new hands. The new editor signalizes his advent by disclaiming for his party any responsibility for the opinions of Disunionists. But in repudiating the doctrine of dissolution as if it were something odious and shameful, we think he acts unwisely. Men may honestly entertain opinions in favour of a division of the Union, with no reference whatever to the question of Slavery. If any person who has got enough knowledge of the externals of history to believe that the Roman Empire fell asunder because of its vast extent, should publish a tract to morrow recommending a peaceable dissolution in order to avoid the catastrophe necessarily incident to territories of our size, no editor would calumniate about *parricidal hands*, and no orator would allude to Casca and Brutus. It is for the simple reason that the American Anti-Slavery Society advocates disunion on Anti-Slavery grounds, that it draws up to itself odium and denunciation. The Quaker still continues to entertain a traditional and entirely respectable aversion from a church and a hireling priesthood, without exciting any animadversion. But let Parker Pillsbury or Abby Foster do the same, and they may reckon with tolerable security on being pelted. The reason is plain enough. The Quaker appeals to dead George Fox, the Abolitionist to the living heart of man. It is because the American Anti-Slavery Society touches Church and State in a rotten place that it is hated and feared. Men call it a little knot of fanatics. But a little knot of fanatics is a great force. Indeed, the men who *do* anything great must be fanatics. Poets prophesy what is right, philosophers see it, fanatics accomplish it.

Whatever opinion the editor of an Anti Slavery paper may entertain as to the evils or benefits which would result from a dissolution of the Union, he should never himself (nor let his readers) lose sight of the fact that those who urge the measure do so from an intense appreciation of the horrors of Slavery. They are men and women who keep the popular mind alive to an example of self-devotion in behalf of a purely moral object, and charge it with a portion of the magnetism of their self-sacrifice, who attack fearlessly and without question of odds every institution, however venerable with time, or hallowed with associations, which affords shelter or vantage-ground to the forces of the evil principle they are at war with. Who, that has a heart capable of the kindred thrill of heroism, who, that in a world slippery with compromises and conventionalities, loves the firm feel of earnestness, but must honour these faithful few? Short-sighted men may not appreciate the importance of their victories. Their results may not yet be palpable on the Exchange. But it is no small triumph that they have achieved for themselves an existence and maintained it. And courage, devotion, loyalty to conscience, are not these indefeasible successes?

The Disunionists can afford to do without the Free Soil party, but can these do without the Disunionists? Wisdom may break down a bridge behind, but not a bridge before. We were among those who were rejoiced at the Buffalo Convention and the formation of the new party. Opposition to the extension of Slavery opened a door by which men could escape from the two irretrievably corrupt parties to higher ground (for any Anti-Slavery ground was higher,) and the Buffalo platform offered common footing where all who hoped to achieve the defeat of Slavery by political action could stand together. We believed that the step from Anti-Slavery feeling to Abolition principle would (with sincere men) be a short and necessary one, that men would see, as it was pithily expressed the other day in the Chronotype, that there was no essential difference between extending Slavery in *space* and in *time*. We believe so still, and that the leaders of the Free Soil party must advance to a better defined and more commanding position. After exciting the enthusiasm of their followers, after showing them the enemy and crying, *charge!* they cannot stand still or they will be trampled to death. If to keep soil free be good, then to make it so must also be good. If fetters must not be carried into Oregon and California, why should they not be stricken off in Virginia and South Carolina?

Had anything been wanting to convince us of the necessity of a purely moral Anti-Slavery organization the result of the Free Soil agitation would have supplied it. Political parties have their crises of enthusiasm. Their zeal arises before an election and as naturally subsides after it. The course of these things is as natural and as easily to be foretold as that of the tides. They have their regular ebb and flow. An unsuccessful election contest, moreover, is a defeat, and defeat is discouragement. During the long interval between election and election, the forces of a defeated political party must suffer the demoralization of inaction. Like the troops of a partizan and irregular army, they gather suddenly for an immediate object, and disappear as rapidly. Their orators, wanting the customary excitement of controversy, become silent. It is quite a different thing to harangue a crowd of benches, and a crowd of eager men.

Meanwhile a pure ethical Idea can never be defeated. It cannot, indeed, be brought into conflict with material organizations, but only applied to them as an impartial test. It cannot attract to itself the rancorous animosity, nor the imputation of motives of personal aggrandizement, to which a political association, however pure, is liable. It does not present to the gross and indiscriminating popular eye a divided object. Its activity is not sensible of any seasons of peculiar intensity or depression. It is not restricted to time and place. Its year-long caucuses are held in the family and the workshop. It knows no distinctions of age or sex, but draws to itself the yet undissipated sympathies of youth, and contracts indissoluble alliance with the finer instinct and more persistent enthusiasm of woman.

Two things especially absorb the admiration and sympathy of men,—practical success, and that weariless devotion which does not need the stimulus of success. The former is the key to the popularity of Taylor, the latter to the power of Garrison. People without ideas laugh at the man of one. But these men are not so common as is generally imagined. That mind is of no ordinary strain which, through long years of obloquy and derision, can still keep its single object as fresh and attractive as at first. It is the man of one idea who attains his end? Narrowness does not always imply bigotry, but sometimes concentration.

At the present moment the natural reaction which has followed a crisis of extraordinary Anti-Slavery excitement in politics, shows not only the policy but the absolute necessity of a distinctly moral organization against Slavery. The Free Soil party lacks any attraction which might arise from success. It has so cautiously secluded itself from every imputation of fanaticism, that it has deprived itself of another and no inconsiderable element of strength. It has been diverted into many by questions and disputes with regard to the merits of individuals, and so, in a great measure, failed of concentrating the public attention upon *things*. It has not made itself numerically terrible, and, by its necessary devotion to a candidate, it has lost the *prestige* which belongs to devotion to an idea. Already its best newspapers are failing, thus giving to the movement the appearance of a transitory convulsion, instead of a revolution, and losing the benefit of that superstition with which the notion of permanence enthrals the fancies of men.

We say these things from no prejudice, but state them only as matters of fact, affording matter for reflection. The Free Soil movement has done as much as we expected. If it has not broken in pieces the two old parties, as we hoped it might, that consummation will be brought about at no distant day by the administration of General Taylor. But the necessity of renewed and continuous exertion on the part of non-political Abolitionists is enforced by all the signs of the times. It is they who keep alive the scattered sparks which are fanned into flame during the gusty days of electioneering excitement. Nay, at what altar was the firebrand lighted which the Fox of Kinderhook carried into the standing corn of the Philistines?

J. R. L.

Annual Meeting of the Coloured Orphan Asylum.

The Annual Meeting of this excellent institution was held at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening of last week, and a large audience attended the interesting exhibitions of the progress of the pupils in the various elementary branches of learning. It would have been exceedingly difficult to pursuade any of those who witnessed the performances of the children, however prejudiced they may have been when they entered the building, that there was any natural inferiority in the race to which these orphans belonged. We doubt if any public school in the city could make a more creditable exhibition than is yearly given by this Asylum.

The most interesting incident of the evening was the appearance, in a dialogue, of a young Bushman not long since captured and brought to this country. Probably a lower specimen of the African races could not be procured, or one whose circumstances had been more unfavourable to the development of his mere human faculties. Nevertheless the boy spoke English with considerable fluency, and behaved himself altogether like a reasonable creature.

An address was delivered by Dr. J. McCune Smith, a full report of which we give below. We also publish, by request, the following appeal. The receipts for the year ending December 31, 1848, were $8,248 80, or $1,165 50 more than the receipts. The total debt is $2,964 84. The sum of $2,440 98 was paid last year by the Controller for the support of the city's pauper coloured children.

COLOURED ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The undersigned desire to call the attention of the public to the twelfth annual report of this institution, just published. No one can read this interesting story of the benefits bestowed on these helpless children, without feelings of strong approbation of the management of this charity, and of gratified benevolence for the happy condition of the subjects of its charge. The good effects of their physical training can be seen at a glance by every transient visitor at the asylum, and their intellectual improvement by those who examine the schools rooms. But the pure morality and happy religious influence are better learned from the history of individuals. The last report gives a description of some of the parting hours of a few of the children, who during the past year have been removed to a better world, which must touch the heart of every Christian philanthropist.

Our habits and institutions have made the difference of colour, created by God, a line of separation, and these little orphans are almost as strangers in a strange land among us.

If we desire to obey the commands and to imitate the example of Him who sheds the dews of His blessings on every land and has declared Himself the preserver of the fatherless and the stranger, shall we not give our aid to this charity? There at present nearly one hundred and fifty children gathered into the asylum, clothed, fed, and educated with all the advantages that experience and devoted care can give at an expense regulated by the most conscientious economy. But the donations received during the past year have amounted to about one thousand dollars less than the year previous, while necessary improvements and repairs have much increased the expenses. A great loss has likewise been sustained by the sale of twenty lots adjoining their building on the Fifth Avenue, not only from expenses incurred in enclosing and improving the same, but also in being thus deprived of a valuable vegetable garden and healthful play ground for the children. The friends of the Institution have been making efforts to repurchase four of the lots, and it is hoped that this exhibition of the wants of the managers may induce benevolent individuals to forward additional contributions to the treasurer of the society, Miss Mary Murray, at 96 East Fourteenth street.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.
THOMAS H. TAYLOR, D. D.
THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN,
WM. H. ASPINWALL,
SAMUEL S. HOWLAND,
JAMES BOORMAN,
C. V. S. ROOSEVELT.

The following letter from Mr. Chase to the Committee of the Lyceum of National History, contains a brief statement of the capture of the young Bushman whose case Dr. Smith made the text of the speech which follows it:

"I beg leave to state, for the information of your Scientific Society, that the Bushman whom I have brought from South Africa came into my possession between four and five years ago, from the hands of a trader who, according to his own account, picked him up in a dying state, while passing through the Bushman country. The Caffras had come upon the Bushmen during the time the trader was on his return from an expedition, and had murdered a great many of these poor creatures, many dead bodies being constantly in view. He found that life still remained in the boy Henry, picked him up, placed him in his wagon, nursed him until he was quite recovered, and brought him to Cape Town. On the eve of his starting again for the interior, the trader came and requested me to take charge of him.

"I have succeeded in teaching him to speak the English language, but with great trouble. I have found it difficult to command his attention. I have, however, taught him, by taking articles which he could see, and making him repeat the names after me until he could recollect them, so that he now pronounces pretty correctly. When clothes were first put on the boy, he seemed to be in chains, shaking himself, and the moment he could get out of the presence of others, would often strip off his clothes and leave them on the ground. He is somewhat stubborn and disobedient, but I have thus far succeeded in subduing him without once inflicting the smallest chastisement.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ISAAC CHASE."

Dr. S. M'Cune Smith, Physician to the institution, then rose and said, "The Southern part of Africa is divided into three steppes; the lowest, is occupied by the colonists of the Cape, and is immediately bounded by the ocean on the South, East and West, on the North by the Black Mountains which are the Southern boundary of the second steppe, which latter is bounded on the North by the Roogeveld mountains, whose summits are a third table land, some 5000 feet above the level of the ocean, and is partly forest, mostly arid and sandy deserts, and seldom visited by rain; this last elevation, whose extent northward is yet unexplained, is the territory of the *Bushmen*. Caffraland lies to the East, and Namqualand to the west of this region.

From certain affinities in language, the Bushmen are found to be of Hottentot origin; and it is a curious fact in the ethaology of the former, that they often *invent* a language for a special foray upon their neighbour Hottentots, to protect their plans from discovery: their articulation has a clicking sound on these occasions.

The *physical appearance* of the Bushmen, is best exemplified by the specimen before us—Henry. His stature is low; but will probably reach nearly five feet, which is never exceeded by his tribe:* his head is well formed, and the facial angle not only excels that of the Caucasian (in what is called the intellectual grade) but equals that which the Greeks gave Jupiter, that is 90 degrees; cheek bones are high, the eyes piercing, black, and of such far sight, that if placed upon an eminence he can distinguish objects which any one present would require a common telescope to see. The Bushmen are spare in person; and their complexion is nearly yellow—showing that the colder climate of their elevated region has rendered them fairer than their kinsmen on the coast. They are, in fact, (American Philosophy to the contrary) a yellow, or mulatto race. The hair grows in distinct tufts, and, under the microscope appears a little flatter, and of less calibre than the hair of the negro; but differs in no essential from the hair of that or any portion of the human race. The dwellings of the Bushmen are sometimes a hole dug near a bush, the tops of which are drawn together for the roof, and at other times they burrow under a ledge of rocks or in caves.† Their dress a girdle of sheep skin and a cap of the same; their utensils an earthen pot and a few ostrich shells, a spear, and bow and arrows.

In these primitive abodes they burrow until hunger drives them forth; then their food is whatever living thing they find; ants, lizards, or snakes—these last, often the most poisonous kind, they seize, devour their bodies, and dissect their heads to obtain the reservoir of poison, which they simmer over the fire with juices of poisonous plants until it gets the consistence of wax; in this they dip their arrows for the chase or war; having wounded their game they pursue until they run it down, if the chase occupy two days; their speed nearly equals that of the horse. Their mode of decoying the ostrich is ingenious. A bushman makes a cushion, dresses it with feathers to represent the body of that bird, affixes head and neck, chalks his own legs white and carefully enconced with bow and arrow beneath this disguise, he watchfully, keeping to the leeward, approaches within range of a flock and brings down or wounds several of the ostriches. Having procured a supply of food his joy knows no bounds; he dances and gorges until the supply is exhausted; then covering his skin with the grease and offal, he lies down in his den until necessity again drives him forth, his leisure being wiled away with a rude musical instrument in the form of a violin bow, with catgut drawn across it, and having a quill attached through which he breathes a low plaintive sound.

In *politics*, the Bushman is a "free soiler" to the letter; but he not only believes all land to be free, he takes the same view in regard to his neighbour's cattle. Perched in his mountain eyrie, his long keen eye detects a stray or badly protected herd; he darts down on the plains and drives his booty away up into inaccessible fastnesses, and literally devours the whole. If pursued and in danger of being overtaken, he spears the entire herd, thus rendering mortal the hatred of the farmers and graziers whom he has robbed.

Hence we find in the Bushman, the circumstances which perpetuate the lowest grade of Barbarism to which the human family can be sunk: his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him. Geographically, and socially, he is isolated from all the rest of human kind: a wanderer of the desert, without tents, without houses, without herds of his own. Some Bushwomen, says Mr. Moffat† "were entreated to purchase a few goats for the rearing of their children; at this proposal they laughed inordinately, asking if ever their forefathers kept cattle; intimating that they were not intended to keep, but to *eat*." Their mode of stealing the cattle of the farmers has been the great impediment in the way of their being christianized; the farmers will not abide them near the settlements. They dread death, believe in a future state, but have no worship.

Their *morals* are of the lowest grade, unrelieved by any of the affections of house and home. Indulging in a plurality of wives, a quarrel between these, is ended by the murder of the children of the conquered woman. If a mother die leaving a helpless babe, the same grave is filled with the dead mother and the living offspring. As soon as a child is able to run about the fields, it is left to take care of itself and find its own food. If a hungry lion approaches the burrow of the Bushman, he throws out his child to appease the appetite of the beast, and to save himself.

The Bushmen live, not in tribes, but each family by itself and governed by itself: occasionally they associate a number of families together, to perpetrate a foray on the farmers, but their union ends with the expedition.

It was in one of these forays, or rather the battle which ensued on a pursuit, that the parents of Henry were slain, and the left among the dead in the field: a merchant traveller, passing by heard his groans, threw him into his waggon, and nursed him until he reached Capetown where he placed him under the care of Mr. Chase the American Consul. This gentleman failing to return (probably from his own death) for Henry, Mr. Chase kindly took care of him and taught him English; having occasion to visit the United States in his way to Europe, Mr. Chase placed Henry in the coloured Orphan Assylum in this city, where he has been about 10 months.

His character is mild, docile and shy. His mind develops slowly. When taken ill last Summer, he made a hole in the sand in the rear of the building, and was found coiled up therein: a most curious and instructive fact. He bore his long and painful illness with fortitude and patience; only shedding tears when Mr. Chase left his bed-side, an act from which that gentleman could not himself refrain. To-day I asked Henry if he remembered his native language; a few clicks of the tongue, such as we would express pity with, were his reply: and I felt how utterly an orphan he is, when he could not interpret their meaning.

Thus much for the account of the Bushmen. I will not detain you by reflections which arise from their history and the history of the case before you: here is living proof that the most barbarous mode of life has not been able to erase from one of God's human creatures the stamp of humanity; that nature at the most can never make man and his offspring so hideous as can Slavery. And we cannot but be grateful to the Almighty Providence which has brought this child from darkness to the light of Christianity.

We have here, too, another link in the grand chain of facts and arguments which go to prove the unity of the human race.

In looking over that delightful record of book-gossip, the *Literary World*, I was struck with the accounts of Mr. Layard, an English traveller in the East, who was attracted by some mounds on the banks of the Tigris. He was seized with a desire to excavate them, returned to England and sought from the Government the means to do so; but sought in vain. The mounds haunted him by day and by night, until at length, he obtained from the private purse of Sir Stratford Canning, the means to examine them. He flies to the task, and begins the excavations, having to contend with nameless and almost insurmountable difficulties, in procuring labourers, and overcoming the prejudices of the Arab authorities. He finally penetrates deeply into the earth, and *Nineveh* is disclosed before him! The gorgeous figures, with the head of a man, the body of a lion and adorned with wings, made by the Assyrian workmen 3,000 years ago, are unveiled to his enraptured vision.

This traveller was filled with and urged on by the spirit of the Past.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, some ladies of this city, more struck with the deep degradation of a portion of its children, having patiently obtained the means, they literally made excavations in the mud and mire of murky cellars, and brought to the light of day the living images you see before you; full of life, full of hope, full of energies, which are being rightly directed to help roll on the flood of light and life, liberty and civilization which God has entrusted to the hands of the American people.

These ladies are endowed with the spirit of the Present; and they appeal to you for means to aid them in their glorious labour.

* To such caves they retreat when pursued by the enraged Hottentots when they have been robbed; their pursuers often kindle fires at the mouth of the cave, and destroy 20 or 30 Bushmen at once.

† From whose interesting work in Southern Africa, republished by Carter, most of these statements are gleaned.

* He was supposed to be 18 years of age in April, 1848; but as he has grown three inches in stature since then, he must be much younger.

Massachusetts on Slavery.

The following Resolutions have been introduced into the Massachusetts House of Representatives and referred to the proper Committee. When there is smoke there is always fire, and Massachusetts has smoked so long in this way that we may reasonably hope that she will blaze by and bye—if cotton does not smother her:

Resolved, That in the present posture of the deliberation of Congress upon the subject of Slavery in the Territories of the Union, Massachusetts will fail to do her duty, if she do not again utter her sentiments upon the subject of these deliberations.

Resolved, That Congress has full power to legislate upon the subject of Slavery in the Territories of the Union; that it has freely exercised such power from the adoption of the Constitution to the present time; and, that it is its duty to exercise the power for the perpetual exclusion of the institution from those Territories where it exists.

Resolved, That when Congress furnishes Governments for the Territories of California and New-Mexico, it will be its duty to establish therein the fundamental principle of the ordinance of 1787 upon the subject of Slavery, to the end that the institution may be perpetually excluded therefrom, beyond any chance of uncertainty.

Resolved, That neither Slavery nor the Slave Trade ought to exist in the District of Columbia, and that it is the duty of Congress to devise the most just, practical and expeditious mode for abolishing the same.

Resolved, That the legislation pointed out in the foregoing resolves does not violate, but preserves the compromises between the North and South that secured the adoption of the Constitution; and that as our fathers intended to secure the non-extension of Slavery, while they were seeking to establish the Union, so we their descendants, in seeking to secure the non-extension of Slavery, are acting in the very spirit in which that Union was founded.

Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor be requested to transmit copies of these resolves to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to be by them laid before the two Houses of Congress as an expression of the sentiments and wishes of the people of Massachusetts.

Anti-Slavery in the Slave States.

We published last week a brief report of the proceedings of a meeting in Louisville, Kentucky, called to deliberate upon the question of Emancipation in that State.—The *Maysville* (Ky.) *Eagle* of the 6th contains a call signed by 475 voters, of great respectability, for a meeting to be held in that place on the 12th, to consider the subject of Slavery. The *Eagle* says that the following plan is that advocated by the majority of those in Kentucky who are in favour of Emancipation:

First—All slaves now in existence, or born in Kentucky before the first of January, 1860, remain slaves for life.

Second—Let all male slaves born after January, 1860 be free at twenty five, and all females born, after the same period, be free at twenty one—provided, that upon reaching that age they shall be hired out for two years, or longer, if necessary, until a fund shall be accumulated sufficient to transport them to Liberia, and give them a start in that colony.

In the Legislature the following resolution has been offered by the Hon. George Robertson, late Chief justice of the State and a representative from Lexington, but was laid on the table with other resolutions of an opposite character which we have not seen.

Resolved, First, That the members of this House do not consider domestic Slavery a blessing. Second, That they do not desire the perpetuation of domestic Slavery in Kentucky. Third, That they deem it wise to acquiesce in the destiny of Slavery in this State, as influenced in its ultimate results, by the operations of natural and intrinsic causes only. Fourth, That in the existing condition of Slavery in this State; no practicable scheme of compulsive emancipation would be either just, wise or philanthropic.

It is evident that the whole subject is receiving the serious consideration of the people of that State, and that an open and final struggle between the advocates of Slavery, and these of Freedom is not far distant.

Nor will it be, when it comes, confined to Kentucky. When Free Speech has crossed Mason and Dixon's line, and made a lodgment in the border Slave States, it will not be arrested in its progress farther South. It has even already jumped over some of the intervening States, and started up before the astonished eyes of the slaveholders of Louisiana. The man who in New Orleans gave the vote for Free Soil at the last Presidential election has found his second already, and the two together will put ten thousand to flight. Who the Louisana pioneer is we do not know, but his second is a man of some mark—no less than a Judge, and a son of a State Senator. We copy a sort of manifesto put forth recently by this gentleman. His disclaimer of the doctrine that Disunion is preferable to the extension of Slavery—which at the South means its perpetuation—is worth "making a note of." The paper is as follows:

Question.

The Extension of Slavery over Soil now Free, or its continued Freedom, determined by a people boasting themselves Free.

The decision of this question can no longer be postponed, and I, a man of the South—a slave owner—born and reared under Southern institutions, feel no greater solicitude on the subject, than that the South may not act unwisely or unworthily in its final adjustment.

It must be settled on its merits. On broad, national—philanthropic, constitutional grounds—on the grounds of principle and of *a common interest*; on grounds alike becoming our national honour and dignity, and upon a calculation of what may be the just expectation of the civilized world from the action of the enlightened people of a free Republic. The voice of conscience must be heard. The ultra views of political hucksters, must not be allowed to endanger the stability of the fabric of our blood-bought confederacy. The weight of moral condemnation wielded by the dispassionate, the patriotic, and the honest, must be banded and brought into action. A *national spirit* must be aroused, sufficiently concentrated and active, to shame to silence all who dare to whisper treasonably against the integrity of our union—sufficiently wise, to sacrifice all of abstract right, and something of essential right on the altar of patriotism.

Slavery is a statutory provision of the Slave States, guaranteed by the Constitution. Upon the discretion of Congress depends its further extension. Originally, the representation on the floor of Congress of three fifths of the Southern slaves, was the result of a compromise which allowed to the smaller States an equal representation in the Senate of the United States. The object of the Wilmot Proviso, is to refuse the sanction of Congress to the extension of Slavery over new territory, California alone being unlegislated for on this question.

So far as California is or can become a ground of contention, the question of Free Soil is settled. By the impossibility of holding slaves there in anticipation of the Slavery guarantee, by the impossibility of defending against foreign assault a feeble Slave State on the Pacific south of 36.30 (the compromise line) were it established,—and by the insuperable difficulty that the free citizens now in California, and hundreds of thousands who are now, or will shortly be on their way to that El Dorado, have decided the question, the spirit of our institutions rendering that decision final.

Now the above are objections to the agitation of the questions which have been often urged, and by some of our wisest statesmen,—yet they are as often overlooked, by Southern demagogues, in the clamour they seem determined to maintain.

But among enlightened Southerners, the honest admission is often made—that Slavery is an absolute evil in political economy, and an abstract wrong in morals.—With what face then, can we propose to our Northern brethren, the extension of this *political evil* and this *moral wrong* over *new* territory? Can we say, "it is *our evil, our wrong*," and that therefore, "*they* may be passive while *we* suffer the one and commit the other?" They cannot be passive. The constitution invokes their authority through Congress, in legislating for the District of Columbia and the Territories, and at the bar of *Heaven's chancery* they will not be held guiltless of wrongs done in their name, and by their authority; though human expediency may overturn or overleap the *court of conscience* on earth.

It is offered as a reason for Southern contumacy on the question of Territorial Slavery, "that this territory is to become States," and if this question be conceded, "the balance of power will be in the Free States in the Senate of the United States." Apart from the consideration, that the *convenience* or *inconvenience* of an act is no just element for determining its *justice*—and that "the balance of power" is important only between rival nations, there is this to be said: "That our whole system of Government must be adjudged impracticable, if this exact equality of power on contested questions be indispensable"—for every day would require its adjustment, as it would commence or establish an inequality; besides, every act it does, is done or conceived to be done, *on the requirement of a majority*, and without this majority is nothing done. We entrust the power of the purse and the sword to this Government, under the sanctions and restrictions of the Constitution. I can see no reason for jealousy of the conceded power, of *exclusive legislation over the Territories and the District of Columbia*, though Slavery be the issue.

It is true, however, that our form of Government will be found impracticable unless that forbearance which is essential to the peace of families can exist between the States.

A favourite topic of declamation is found in the fact, "*that this territory has been acquired at the expense of a common blood and treasure*" from which is deduced the corollary that it must be equally divided, or rather that the South must have the *larger share* subjected to its institutions.

When we remember that Louisiana and Florida, and we may say Texas, are to be included in the list of territories acquired by a *common treasure*, and remember the institution of Slavery in these States in violation of the Northern conscience, we may not think our Northern brethren altogether wanting in forbearance towards our peculiar institution; on the contrary, we may find in the fact a *feeling* or a *reason* for the practice of a similar virtue.

"As you would that others should do unto you, do you so unto them." At any rate it will be worthy of us, to wait the infringement of the constitutional guarantee of Slavery in the *States*, before we resort to a Southern convention or any other measure of a sectional character as a remedy—to wait until a respectable party in the country proposes to prevent our enjoyment of all we can enjoy of California, viz. our interest, in proportion to our federal numbers, in its soil and gold mines, before resorting to any remedial measure whatever.

Since writing the above, I have received the Picayune of the 10th, containing "The Southern Platform," which concludes with the old Governor-Troup-like gasconade of "standing by our arms," in these words:

"Resolved, That the South prefers a separation of the Union to *that* of accepting the Wilmot Proviso, and the faith of each State is pledged to protect her interests in said territories at the point of the Bayonet."

As a Southerner, I protest against the pledge; I disavow the choice which the self-elected representatives of southern opinion have promulgated as ours. As a patriot I reprobate their course—and prefer the enfranchisement of the soil of California, to this avowal of a want of attachment to the Union being accepted by our brethren of the North, as the reflex of Southern sentiment.

I assume the responsibility (an assumption much in vogue it appears) to disclaim emphatically for the South any right to the tone of dictation breathing through the entire set of resolutions,—as emphatically as it refuses to accept the mad aggressions of a Giddings on our reserved constitutional rights, as the deliberate expression of Northern will.

"*The South will accept*" of this—or else the bayonet!

"The South is willing" for that—or else the bayonet!!

Certainly this is no more like the language of some victorious belligerent, than the language of civilians addressed to equals. For the South I repudiate it utterly—totally: and look upon its authors, *as mad*, if heated by heartless assaults—*as traitors*, if cool and deliberate.

and talent; and some of whom were connected with the Governments of the nations they represented. In this Convention there was a luminous discussion of the principles of a Congress of Nations, and urgent recommendations of its speedy establishment. We quote one of the Resolutions passed there, with only one dissenting voice.

"That it is the settled conviction of this body, that the Convocation of a Congress of Nations, composed of duly appointed representatives, is of the highest importance; inasmuch as it would secure the establishment of a well digested code of laws for the regulation of international intercourse; and by constituting a High Court of Nations, would provide an effectual guaranty for the preservation of permanent and universal Peace."

This Convention was followed by large meetings in England, at which several members of Parliament and other eminent men were present, and where the sentiments and proceedings of that body were enthusiastically approved. A deputation from the Convention with an Address to the British Government was favourably received by the Premier, and an intimation was given that his Government would readily meet advances from others on the subject. It is proposed to hold another Convention at Paris in the ensuing month of August, to which delegations are invited from all civilised nations.

We would now appeal to American citizens of every class, party and denomination, to encourage and aid us, zealously and unitedly in this truly beneficent work. We believe we offer a scheme by which all the burdens, horrors and crimes of war may be forever precluded, and a state of universal friendship and prosperity be introduced correspondent to the advance of the age in science and civilization. We appeal to the humanity of Philanthropists; for the practice of war is more destructive of life, comfort, liberty and virtue, than all the other corrupt customs of the world combined. We appeal to the piety of Christians; for the wide diffusion of the love of God and man enjoined in the Gospel, finds its greatest obstruction in war and martial preparations. We appeal to the patriotism of citizens; for we would that our country should have the glory, in all future ages, of leading in this enterprise of universal pacification, to which it is pledged by its past agency in the cause, its constant pacific professions, and the freedom of its institutions. We also appeal to the interests of commerce and the policy of Political Economists; that the enormous sums of money, hitherto wasted in war, may be employed in fertilizing the earth and securing competence to its inhabitants.

Is it asked, how can unconnected individuals give us the aid we solicit? We reply; by circulating this and our other communications; by social conversation and persuasion; by participation in public meetings for this purpose; by petitions to Government: and by acquainting us with persons who are qualified and willing to proceed as our Delegates to Europe. And we would intimate to the friends of peace, who may be blessed with wealth, but not with the leisure for personal service, that pecuniary contributions to defray expenses, are necessary in this, as in other benevolent movements. Believing that our labours are for the good of the whole community, we trust that the magnanimity of the affluent will not permit them to be given at great sacrifices to ourselves; and that we shall receive from them cheerful and sufficient voluntary contributions.

In any of the modes now pointed out, all who aid or coöperate with us, will become truly and efficiently "Peace makers;" and as such, will receive from the Prince of Peace the appellation of "The Children of God."

ROBERT WATERSTON,
EZRA S. GANNETT,
BRADFORD SUMNER,
AMASA WALKER,
WALTER CHANNING,
JOSHUA P. BLANCHARD,
GEORGE C. BECKWITH,
CHARLES SUMNER,
WM. H. CHANNING,
WARREN BURTON,
SAMUEL G. HOWE,
FREDERICK W. HOLLAND,
GEORGE MERRILL,
WM. C. BROWN,
ASA FITZ,
JAMES TOLMAN,
CHARLES B. FAIRBANKS,
ALBERT TOLMAN,
THOMAS DREW, JR.
E. H. JACKSON,
L. S. STODDARD,

American Committee for a Congress of Nations.
BOSTON, February 12, 1849.

CONGRESS—The proceedings of Congress since our last issue have been of little importance. The votes for President and Vice President have been counted in the presence of both Houses, and Taylor and Fillmore officially pronounced elected. The Bill for establishing a Board of Commissioners on Claims has been lost, and one creating a new Department of the Government has passed the House. This latter provides for a Secretary of the Interior, with a Commissioner of Customs to superintend the custom revenue throughout the Union, and an assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

We copy, reports of the debates on the Slavery question, in which the House, not without profit it is to be hoped, passes its time, and the report also of a debate in the Senate on flogging. The careful reader will observe that the most strenuous advocates for the cat-o-nine-tails on ship-board were those who are accustomed to the cart-whip on the plantation. Mr. Calhoun and his compatriots, who believe in the necessity of scourging women of the working class on the bare back, can conceive of no other discipline among labouring men anywhere. The plantation system they believe the true one, and would reduce it to practice everywhere where the general government holds sway.

That the system has been successfully established at Washington, in both Houses of Congress we needed no evidence at this late day, but we do not remember to have seen a more striking instance of it than was displayed in the occurrence complained of by Mr. Ashmun. It hardly needed a Southern Convention to whip a House, which would submit to such an act of overseerism, into plantation voluntary contributions.

MR. GREELEY'S BOOKS.—The Hon. Horace Greeley has transmitted his share of the Congressional books to Mayor Havemeyer as a donation to the citizens of New York. After expressing in a letter to the Mayor, his approval of the publication and distribution of such works by Congress, and declaring that, in his opinion, they should be so diffused as to benefit the people at large, he says:

If the noble Free Library for which our city is to be indebted to the wise munificence of John Jacob Astor were now in being, I would suggest the addition of these books to the contents of that Library; but since it is not, and in view of the probability that our principal Libraries of established fame and usefulness have been already supplied from among the numerous sets of these books hitherto voted to our city, I will venture to mention the Free Academy as among the institutions deserving consideration in the disposal of this public property.

Mr. Greeley's vote and his reason therefor in regard to this matter have been a good deal commented upon, but nobody, we presume, will be hypercritical enough to complain of the use which he has finally made of this Congressional perquisite.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, M. D.—The Albany correspondent of the Evening Post says that at the recent session of the New York State Medical Society the following Preamble and Resolution were offered to that body by a member:

"Whereas, the Medical Society of the State of New York recognizes in the declaration of General Taylor, "*that he would never leave behind him his sick and wounded*," sentiments eminently honourable to him, and characteristic of a true disciple of humanity, and constituting a bond of alliances and brotherhood with the medical profession, and, whereas, they deem it meet to signalize said declaration,

"Therefore, be it resolved, that the name of Zachary Taylor be presented to the Hon. the Regents of the University, for the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Medicine."

Sir Astley Cooper, we think it was, who said that a surgeon would only arrive at eminence in his profession by wading through an ocean of blood. The Bangrados of the New York Medical Society evidently agree with him, though their understanding of the way in which the gory path lies differs somewhat from that of the distinguished surgeon. So that the blood is shed it matters little to them in what manner. To hew off arms and legs is the object, whether it be with the sword or surgical instrument. It is not, that we know of, reckoned among the discoveries of modern science that a man may have his brains blown out, or his head taken off, as a sanitory measure; but the New York Medical Society are evidently not disposed to draw the line with too much severity, and considering probably that the result is the same, whatever may be the end proposed, in their own profession and that of "Old Zack," they deem him as worthy as themselves of the degree by which they are distinguished.

However, unfortunately for the honour of Medical science, which we are sorry to believe, in this State, is not in the hands of men who are altogether governed by the progressive spirit of the age, the most liberal portion of the body were disappointed in not being able to pass the Preamble and Resolution. The best they could do was to have them seriously entertained, and to obtain an expression of the assembled medical wisdom of the State that the conduct of the proposed honorary member of their body was "eminently humane, and merits a record and memorial in the archives of the medical profession." So in future we are to look upon the 'little more grape' as only another form of bolus, and the "give 'em hell" as a sort of draught which, though it may clear the brain of its humours and the scull of its brains at the same time, and may move the bowels to a distance not contemplated in the cathartics of the old *Materia Medica*, is nevertheless in accordance with the philosophy of the medical profession. Well, perhaps the Drs. are in the right.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—In the Mass. Legislature recently Mr. Mayhew, of Tisbury, presented the following petition from one of his constituents:

To the Honourable Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, a resident in the town of Tisbury, in Dukes county, would most respectfully request your honourable bodies to pass a law permitting him to import from the Slaveholding States one or two slaves and hold them in perpetual servitude, for the purpose of cultivating his farm, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

JOHN P. NORTON.

Tisbury, Feb. 10, 1849.

After some debate the petition was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary by a vote of 93 to 63. We wish somebody would ask that honourable and intelligent body the Mass. General Court, to legalize horse-stealing, and authorize the establishments of Harems in that State Would they refer the petition to the Judiciary Committee?

TO THE STANDARD.—Perhaps we deserve your reproof, but in extenuation of sentence, we may plead that we had supposed the proceedings of our local meetings would be of much less interest to the readers of the national paper, than those of the national meetings must be to all our readers. But as you desire it, we will endeavour hereafter to furnish you more promptly with the reports of our meetings.—*Pa. Freeman.*

The *Freeman* is too modest by half; the proceedings of its local Society have a general interest: if they had not so much the more reason why we should not be obliged to copy Reports which have already been seen by all who care for them in the local paper. However, we thank the *Freeman* for its promise.

☞ We are much indebted to HON. G. PALFREY, for a copy of the President's Message to the present session of Congress with the valuable documents and maps by which it is accompanied.

HON. D. GOTT will also accept our thanks for a copy of the Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, on the Railroad across the Isthmus of Panama.

General Intelligence.

Congressional.

On the 12th instant, in the United States Senate, the following debate was had upon flogging in the Navy. We copy the *Herald's* report

One of the amendments agreed to, as in committee, was to strike out the proviso in the House which abolishes flogging in the navy. Mr. Hale moved that the Senate do not concur with this agreement of the committee. He wished this proviso retained which directs that the Secretary of the Navy shall publish an order abolishing flogging in the service; that the amendment striking it out be not concurred in. He appealed strongly for the extinguishment of this brutal practice of flogging in the navy.

Mr. BADGER disapproved of the proposition to abolish flogging in the naval service. Unless we wish to re-write the whole discipline and regulations of the navy in blood, and to punish the most trifling offences with death, we must retain this system of punishment. They who would abolish it, I apprehend, are led away by a misguided philanthropy. The officers of the service are opposed to its abolition, and the best men in the service do not desire to see this corporeal punishment done away. The practice had existed from the creation of the navy, and any change contemplated ought to receive, at least, the gravest consideration. Better expend in reckless extravagance twenty millions of dollars, than to abolish a practice so important to the discipline of the service, without the full deliberation which the innovation demands. The change proposed would be unequal and unjust, and incongruous in its operations, from its imperfections. It accomplished nothing in point of fact; for while it directed one order to be issued abolishing flogging in the service, it left all the existing laws still in force.

Mr. HALE, to obviate the last objection, moved to strike out the proviso, and to insert in lieu of it: And provided that all laws and parts of laws heretofore in force, authorising the punishment of flogging in the navy, and the same are hereby repealed.

Mr. HALE said, this plea of antiquity, in support of this practice of whipping, was the plea against every reform of abuse in the world, from the days of Adam. But a system which is hoary-headed—which has nothing but the cobwebs of age to recommend it—comes with a bad grace for our support. The Senator from North Carolina says we cannot abolish this practice unless we wish to re-write the discipline of the service in letters of blood. Why, sir, it is only in letters of blood that this relic of barbarism and barbarity is continued. If the official reports of the service be true of the floggings administered on board the ships of the United States, then, sir, there is a stream of living blood flowing from the backs of American sailors, from the first day of January to the last day of December. It is a matter of fact, that this punishment has been carried even to the extent of taking life, not in one, but in several instances. Great as has been the glory of our navy, I would give it up, if, by so doing, the records of this bloody punishment could be obliterated. There are other means of discipline and obedience than this brutal practice of the cat-o-nine-tails. The founder of the State of Pennsylvania had tried the experiment of humanity with the aborigines, and it had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Doubtless in the experiment he was laughed to scorn, under the idea that only bloodshed and imstruments of destruction could be successful. It is high time that the sailors of the navy, whose business it was to protect the commerce and extend its operations in all quarters of the world, should be exempted from this barbarous, degrading, and humiliating punishment. Let us try the experiment of humanity; we have tried the system of brutality and degradation; let us try that of civilized usage, and see if the sailor has not something of the common feelings of a man in his bosom. He denied that sailors desired this degradation. He believed the officers of the American Navy were not only a brave and intelligent, but a generous body of men; but where arbitrary power was allowed, it would be abused, and this was an arbitrary power which led to the worst abuses. This odious practice of flogging was well calculated to produce mutiny, and it was a system so repulsive to the feelings of a man, that it ought to produce mutiny.

Mr. ATHERTON raised a question of order, and after some conversation upon it, Mr. Hale agreed to withdraw his motion to strike out and insert, until the question was taken first simply on striking out the proviso of the House.

Mr. BADGER persisted that unless the opponents of the practice of flogging could show that the power was unnecessary, and that the object of discipline could be obtained by other means, the proposition to abolish it was worse than a nullity. Reasons ought to be given, because mere rhetorical declamation and exaggeration was calculated to do injury to the character of the service. He hoped the Senator from New Hampshire would reconsider and retract that expression that the punishment of flogging ought to produce mutiny, because such a declaration from a Senator in his place was calculated to encourage mutiny, and if mutiny should grow out of it, the Senator might be held responsible to his conscience for the consequences. Mr. Badger argued that the punishment of flogging could only effect bad men in the service; the good and obedient were protected by the practice, rather than sufferers from it.

Mr. HALE contended that there was no humanity in the cat-o-nine-tails. As to the truth of his statements, he referred to the official reports. On board one of our sloops of war, there had been 900 lashes given in 90 days—equal to 10 lashes a day; and allowing thirty ships to be in commission, it would give an average of 300 lashes every day in the navy of the United States. This would make a stream of blood strong enough to illustrate his argument. His statements, therefore, were not mere idle declamation; no, not idle declamation, but—

Mr. BERRIEN—Rhetorical declamation.

Mr. HALE—They were not rhetorical declamations. And the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Badger) desires me to reconsider and to reweigh my declaration that this barbarous practice ought to produce mutiny. No, sir; one of the first doctrines which I learned was that resistance to tyranny was obedience to God; and if I had a voice that could reach every sailor in every hold of every ship of the United States, I would thunder it in his ear that resistance to tyranny is obedience to God. Mr. Hale maintained that neither the example of the British navy, nor its barbarous practice incorporated into our own, would justify the continuance of this arbitrary power of corporeal punishment.

Mr. BUTLER—Is not the ropes' end applied as a punishment in the merchant service?

Mr. HALE—Yes, sir, and when we are done with this, I propose to take hold of that. He would not, however, go into details. He regretted to see the Senate arrayed as a bulwark for the cat-o-nine-tails. The House had acted, but the Senate had not yet heard the public voice. No matter; this thing cannot stand; your committees may put off, but it goes before the people, and they will cause themselves to be heard.

Mr. YULEE (chairman on naval affairs) argued against the amendment. All the officers and crew of one of the public ships had petitioned against the abolition of flogging; and that was the only petition from the service. He contended that until some substitute could be proposed, flogging must be continued; that it was necessary to discipline; that it was limited to the commander, and sufficiently restrained by law.

A SENATOR—But the commander can delegate the power.

Mr. YULEE—No, sir, he cannot delegate it. He is responsible and must keep a record. It is twelve lashes in ordinary offences, and it is not by the cat-o-nine-tail, but by the colt, or ropes' end. He contended that if the Senator from New Hampshire would carry out his philanthropy, he must extend it to the merchant service, to schools, and to families, in all of which this practice of flogging prevailed. Mr. Yulee caused a letter from the Secretary of the Navy to be read, to the purport that it would be inexpedient to abolish flogging in the navy.

Mr. NILES—I desire a few words, Mr. President We have had an animated discussion on this subject, and one would think that this was an attack on some one of our valuable institutions—I will not say peculiar—but valuable institutions. The Senator from North Carolina has been rather warm for a man so generally cool. But I think, sir, it was Charles Wilkes who said that the worst use to which you can put a man was to hang him; and I think the next worst is to flog him. Gentlemen ask for reasons for the abolition of this practice. I give no reasons. It is for them to give reasons in its defence—reasons why it should be continued. But, sir, if there can be found no reason for abolishing this barbarity, we shall have the alternative of abolishing the navy itself, if it cannot be sustained without this relic of barbarism. He desired the Government to keep pace with society; to try the humane experiment of abolishing the whip and the lash; and if it failed, as he knew it could not fail, then it would be time enough to fall back upon this disgraceful punishment.

Mr. BUTLER thought that this was a most fearful experiment. Is there nothing in the experience of the English, French, and Russian service; nothing in the testimony of our own officers to be regarded; nothing in the lessons of experience? Are we to be controlled by a sickly sentimentality—by appeals to the prejudices of an irresponsible multitude? (We suppose Mr. Butler meant the people.)—We should not act upon this subject without a full understanding. He pleaded that mere reprimands and bread and water would not avail as a substitute for the discipline enforced by a prompt punishment of the refractory and disobedient.

Mr. BREESE moved to amend the amendment, by confining the abolition of flogging to the navy yards and other stations of the United States. The men could be punished by imprisonment on shore; but such a punishment would not be practicable at sea. Nor was the system of flogging regarded as a degradation at sea; and it was a false philanthropy which contemplated it in the light of a disgrace to the men

Mr. CLAYTON thought the case of the ship in which 900 lashes were administered was an extraordinary one, and by no means a standard by which to judge of the extent of the practice. The British Admiralty have had this subject under advisement, and they had been able to hit upon no substitute for the punishment of the lash. The practice was, also, one which the experience of our own service had proved to be the most efficient for discipline. He was opposed, therefore, to the amendment, and he would call for the ayes and noes, and hoped the Senate would give a strong vote against the ill-timed innovation.

Mr. HALE—The Senator calls for a strong vote for the cat-o-nine-tails. And he asks the ayes and nays. Why, sir, I have called for them long ago. He may rally a strong host to support him; but I promise you I shall rally a much stronger one. The days of the cat-o-nine-tails have gone by. In '49, their funeral will be preached, and a monument erected with the inscription,

HERE LIES THE LAST
OF THE
CAT-O'NINE TAILS.

Mr. HALE argued that it was too late in the day to present the examples of the British Government for our administration of punishments. We can have no admiralty here, for the experiment had been tried. They have their admirals of the blue and the red, and they are red enough; but the antiquated abuses of the British Government were not examples for us. But to hear Senators talk, one would think our sailors had not the feelings of men,—that they had no mothers, nor sisters, nor brothers; but they speak of them as if they were the incarnate fiends of hell, and as if there were no other way of making them feel than by the cat-o'nine-tails. In contrast with this idea, Mr. Hale referred to a court marshal, at which he was present, in which a naval officer had declared that never should a man be struck with a lash on board his ship, and he loved that officer for that declaration.

Mr. YULEE—Did that officer ever command a ship?

Mr. HALE—Yes, sir, many of them.

Mr. YULEE thought there must be some mistake about it.

Mr. HALE said he could give the name, if it were proper to do so. (Voices—"The name," "the name.").

Mr. YULEE asked for the name.

Mr. HALE declined to give it. The officer had made the declaration at a court martial at which he (Mr. Hale) had taken the part of the judge advocate, and he felt himself bound not to disclose the officer's name. As regarded the extent of the flogging in the navy, he believed that all had not been told. There was a gentleman here from New York (Mr. Watson G. Haines) with numerous petitions for the abolition of flogging, and if we may credit his statements, there have been not only 900, but 2,300 lashes, administered on board a single ship, in a single cruise.

Mr. YULEE—If the Senator will allow me, I will show what confidence is to be placed in this man.

Mr. HALE—After I am done. I do not know what confidence is to be placed in him. He was only introduced to me the other day, but he brought with him a number of petitions, and they appear to be well supported. I told the man that the House had done their part, but that the Senate would be too busy, just now to attend to anything of this kind. (Ha! ha! ha!) It was too small a matter just at this time. In continuation, Mr. Hale cited the case of John Herron, convicted of Manslaughter in the Mediterranean, and sentenced to 500 lashes, 400 of which were administered, as proof that the laws of limitation were disregarded on board ship, and that the punishment was at the arbitrary dictation of a commander or a court martial.

Mr. YULEE remarked that the only petition on this subject from the navy was against the abolition of flogging. Now, as regards this man from New York, it could be shown that he was not entitled to confidence. The Senator from New Hampshire had been abused, for the source of his information was not reliable. From the authority of an officer in the navy, it appeared that the individual from New York had never been a sailor in the navy. He had served one month on board a surveying vessel, as surgeon's steward, and was discharged for drunkenness. Mr. Yulee continued earnestly to plead for the preservation of flogging, as the only means of preserving the discipline of the navy.

Mr. PHELPS argued that this important innovation was not in its place in an appropriation bill; but that it ought to be acted upon of itself, and after due consideration of the proper committee.

Mr. AUGUSTUS DODGE asked if whipping was not abolished in the Army?

Mr. CALHOUN—Yes, sir, and it has had a pernicious effect. In lieu of whipping, the ball and chain has been substituted, which is a more degrading punishment, and Mr. Calhoun contended that it was inexpedient to abolish flogging in the Navy.

Mr. HALE suggested that the question on striking out the House proviso directing an order for the abolition of flogging to be issued, be taken by common consent, and that the yeas and nays be taken on his amendment. Agreed to. Proviso stricken out.

The question then recurred to Mr. Hale's amendment, for repealing all laws inflicting corporeal punishment in the navy.

Mr. DICKINSON, of the Finance Committee, had concurred in striking out the proviso, and was opposed to this amendment. However much he might be opposed to flogging, an appropriation bill was not the place for an amendment of this kind. That was a radical act of legislation, which, by itself, ought to be maturely considered. Besides, the proposed amendment for abolishing corporeal punishment, abolished all punishment, for what punishment could be substituted for flogging that was not corporeal?

Mr. HALE amended his amendment so as to read,

And provided that all laws and parts of laws authorizing the infliction of the punishment of whipping in the navy of the United States be, and the same are hereby repealed.

Mr. BENTON suggested that amendments of this character retarded action upon the appropriation bills, and were improper on that account. He was opposed to flogging. Among the ancient Romans a citizen of Rome could not be whipped, and I believe that an American is as good as a Roman and better than a Roman. By the laws of Rome, a citizen could not be scourged—that was reserved for slaves, but for all that, he thought the amendment was out of place in an appropriation bill.

The question resulted 17 to 32, as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Baldwin, Borland, Bradbury, Cameron, Clarke, Davis of Massachusetts, Dix, Dodge of Iowa, Hale, Hamlin, Jones, Metcalf, Niles, Underwood, Upam, and Walker—17.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Atherton, Badger, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Calhoun, Clayton, Davis of Mississippi, Dayton, Dickinson, Downs, Fitzgerald, Fitzpatrick, Foote, Greene, Hannegan, Houston, Hunter, Johnson of Louisiana, Johnson of Georgia, Mangum, Mason, Miller, Phelps, Rusk, Sebastian, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Westcott, and Yulee—32.

So the amendment was rejected.

Of the part of the proceedings in the House on the same day, the *Herald* gives the following report:

SOUTH CAROLINA AND SLAVERY.

Mr. WALLACE asked leave to present the resolutions of the Legislature of South Carolina. ["No objection," "no objection."] He said he knew that the debate was not allowable. Gentlemen would do him the justice to admit, that during the brief period that he had a seat here, he had trespassed but little on the time of the House. He asked permission to make a few remarks.

The SPEAKER said that if there was no objection, the gentleman would proceed.

The CLERK read the resolutions, to the effect that the time for discussion on the Slavery question is passed, and that South Carolina is prepared to co-operate with her sister States in opposition against the Wilmot Proviso; and that the Governor transmit a copy of the report of the Committee on Federal Relations, to each of the Governors of the several States of the Union.

Mr. COLLAMER inquired whether the resolutions were passed by the Legislature itself, or were they the report of a committee merely.

The CLERK read—that the resolutions were passed by the House of Representatives, and sent to the Senate for concurrence.

Mr. GIDDINGS rose to a question of order; he asked to know whether debate was in order.

The SPEAKER replied, not without the unanimous consent of the House.

Mr. GIDDINGS—I can't consent.

The SPEAKER—It is too late. ["Too late" "too late."]

Mr. GIDDINGS—I did not know it.

Mr. WALLACE said that he rose to present the resolutions passed by the Legislature of South Carolina, in December last, with regard to the attempt to exclude Slavery from the territory of the United States. He availed himself of the kind indulgence extended to him by the House, to express his cordial concurrence in the principles they assert in the sentiments they express. He claimed to know something of the people whose representatives have passed these resolutions and sent them here. They needed no eulogy from him. The eulogy which is their due, is written on the page of their country's history, in every period of it, and he felt that he could stand on this floor, in the presence of the assembled representatives of the federal Union, and point with patriotic pride to the records of history in support of the fact that, in every period of their existence, they have both at home and abroad, in peace and in war, in the cabinet and in the field, given the highest evidence which patriots can give of their devotion to the Constitution, and to preserve which they are at all times ready to lay down their lives. And he hesitated not to assert that it was a great error to suppose that these resolutions were passed without due deliberation, and in a moment of excitement, it was not the result of a mere hasty ebullition of feeling, without sufficient cause, and that the ground would be abandoned the moment the feeling of excitement died away. No: there was no excitement. It was due alike to truth and candour to say that the people of South Carolina will never abandon the position assumed by these resolutions, and that they will never submit to encroachment upon their rights. He desired to speak "the words of truth and soberness" on the most grave and important subject ever agitated in this hall. In his opinion, we are approaching a momentous conjuncture, involving the very existence of the Constitution under which we live; and he who denies this truth is an alien to his country and an enemy to mankind. After a few observations about government, he moved that the resolution be laid on the table and printed. It was so ordered.

Mr. HUDSON rose to offer a resolution.

Mr. ASHMUN moved to recousider the vote just taken.—He wanted the first line of the resolutions read. ["Object," "object."]

The SPEAKER said that the gentleman, if he wished to make a speech, must obtain consent.

Mr. WENTWORTH rose to a question of order.

The SPEAKER remarked that Mr. Hudson had asked leave to present a resolution.

Mr. WENTWORTH remarked that his point was this: The gentleman from Massachusetts asked to make a speech, and a Southern gentleman made objection to the reading of the first line of the resolutions. He hoped that the gentleman (Mr. Ashmun) would be permitted to go on.

Mr. HUDSON offered his resolution—that the Clerk retain ten per cent from the pay of Mr. Morrison as security that he will deliver the books for members under the contract.

Mr. STEPHENS moved that the House adjourn, but the question was not put.

The resolution was adopted.

EXPUNGING PROCESS.

Mr. THOMPSON, of Pennsylvania, asked leave to offer a long preamble, concluding with a resolution, to expunge from the journal the amendment heretofore adopted, when the resolution of thanks to General Taylor and his compatriots were under consideration, declaring that the war with Mexico was "unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President." He asked for the yeas and nays on the suspension of the rules; pending which motion, the House, by a vote of yeas 63, nays 53, adjourned.

On the 13th.

The journal of yesterday's proceedings having been read—

Mr. ASHMUN, of Massachusetts, rose and expressed the wish to have it corrected in one particular. It stated that Mr. Wallace, yesterday, "by special permission," addressed the House on the Slavery question. There was, he said, no special leave given; no vote was taken upon the subject; no objection was made to the gentleman's speaking. He wished to have this fact entered on the journal; also the fact that he himself attempted to address the House on the same subject, but could not, because objections were made.

The SPEAKER requested the gentleman from Massachusetts to reduce his motion to writing, which was accordingly done, and the subject was debated by Messrs. Houston of Alabama, Stanton of Virginia, and Cobb of Georgia.

Mr. COBB said that the gentleman from Massachusetts did not ask permission to speak—but desired to have the first line of the Carolina resolutions read, and in proof of this assertion he produced the report of the proceedings in the Washington *Globe*.

Mr. ASHMUN said the *Globe's* report was in part right, but not altogether so. He did signify his desire to debate.—He so informed the Speaker at the time; but objections being raised, he then asked for the reading of a line of the resolutions, and to this the gentleman from Maryland (Mr. McLane) objected.

Messrs. WALLACE and BURT, of South Carolina, stated their views of the case.

Mr. TURNER, of Illinois, and Mr. MCLANE, also discussed the point, the latter gentleman giving his reasons for objecting. He was opposed to the reading which the gentleman called for, and not to his speaking.

Mr. EVANS said he thought the discussion had been sufficiently prolonged. He therefore moved the previous question, which, being seconded, was taken, and Mr. Ashmun's motion lost—yeas 81, nays 82.

The subject of Slavery came up again on the 16th, and of the debate the correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following report:

Mr. STARKWEATHER, of New York, proceeded to discuss the question of the day—the extension of Slavery. Congress, he continued, has the constitutional power to extend its legislation into territories belonging to the people of the United States; and the consequence is, that they have a right to exclude Slavery therefrom. In the second place, that Slavery is a great political, moral, and social evil, in conflict with the fundamental principle of this Government, opposed to the future welfare and prosperity of the country; and, therefore, it seems to follow that Congress is bound to exert its power to prevent its extension. He replied to the remarks of Messrs. Bayly and Rhett, delivered last session, who, he said, had maintained that Congress has no constitutional right to extend its power over the territories, so as to exclude Slavery, and that the ordinance of 1787 is null and void. These positions he refuted, and adduced evidence to support his argument. There was an authority which, so far as he knew, had never been resorted to, though derived from the source of all sovereignty—the people; for he contended that the people had forever put this question at rest, in the last Presidential election. What other issue than this was presented to the people; whether Congress has the constitutional power to legislate for the territories, and, if it have, whether the power shall be extended or not? Who pretends that there was any other issue than that? Was a word said about the Bank of the United States, or the Independent Treasury, or as to the power of Congress to make appropriations for rivers, lakes, and harbours? Was a word said about the tariff question? These may have been incidentally referred to, but no gentleman will say that these were the issues. The question was that of Slavery. Who made the issue? It was made by the South—by Georgia, Florida, Virginia, and other slaveholding States. They passed slaveholding resolutions in advance of the Baltimore Convention, and declared that they would support no man for President or Vice President, unless he was clearly and unequivocally opposed to the ordinance of 1787—or, in other words, the principles of the Wilmot Proviso. It was well known that no man could receive a nomination by a two-third vote, except with the assistance of the South, who would not take any man on trust. General Cass, therefore, was induced to write the letter to Mr. Nicholson, in which he abandoned the position which he held during the twenty-ninth Congress, and he declared virtually in favour of the extension of Slavery, and that Congress has no power to legislate on the question of Slavery.

Mr. SAWYER said that he would like that gentleman to read that portion of the letter which asserted such doctrine.

Mr. STARKWEATHER—I say, virtually declared.

Mr. SAWYER—Read it.

Mr. STARKWEATHER read an extract, in substance, that whether Slavery were stationary or progressive, it would amount to the same. The same number of slaves would only be spread over a greater extent of territory. He said that General Cass declared himself virtually in favour of the extension of Slavery. This was too plain to admit of any question. The democratic State of New York was asked to ratify the nomination. But she was not a party to it—was not even a witness to it. Under this condition of things, Mr. Van Buren was nominated by the Buffalo Convention. No sooner had New York refused to be dictated to by the South than she was assailed with the most opprobrious epithets. He recollected that a gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Iverson) a State that never gave a vote for a Northern President, and in all probability never will, charged Mr. Van Buren with having deserted the South and placed himself in the ranks of the enemy, and that he would descend to the grave with the mark of traitor on his forehead, carrying with him the scorn and contempt of all honourable men!—meaning Southern men, he presumed. What! Mr. Van Buren desert the South? The State of New York desert the South? Why, the South deserted him in 1844; because he wrote the Texas letter, he must be overthrown. Did New York then desert the South? No, they invested all their political capital to support the issue which the South had made. Silas Wright, an eminent statesman and profound jurist, around whose standard every Democrat rallied, was irresistible. The campaign was opened in Mr. Starkweather's own little village, on the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna. On the folds of the banner were emblazoned the names of "Polk and Dallas, and Wright and Gardner." If any asked "who is James K. Polk?" the inquirer was referred to Silas Wright. That eminent statesman is no more; he is gone to "that bourne whence no traveller e'er returns," but his memory lives—lives, and will continue to live, in the hearts of his countrymen. It is written on memory's tablet, and will only disappear when recorded things are washed out by the stream of time. But we came into the campaign of 1848, and what were we told? The armour of warfare was scarcely put on, when we were met on the threshold, and asked to swear allegiance to the South; that we of New York shall prove true to the cause of democracy and sustain the nominees of the Baltimore Convention. The oath was made a condition of our admission; but the South was inflammable. There is the condition, and submission is the only alternative. Mr. Starkweather thanked God, for the honour of his State, that the condition was spurned with that dignity due to her character. Cass was nominated; it was now necessary to sustain the issue. Honourable gentlemen, not only of New York, but elsewhere, were turned out of office. They who contributed to the election of Mr. Polk were proscribed—not for incapacity, but because they dared to differ from the South on the Slavery question; and other persons, more subservient put in their places. Four postmasters in his district were turned out of office, because they did not think with the Postmaster General. If those who did not sustain the Baltimore nominations are deserters, then there are a hundred and twenty thousand of them in New York, or more in number than the regular army. The South had made an issue which the North could not sustain. The Whigs of the North supported General Taylor, because he declared that he would not interpose his Executive vote to the measures which Congress may pass; the Whigs of the South supported General Taylor, for the reason that he was a Southern man, and therefore the opinions of General Cass underwent a sudden and miraculous change. He declared that Congress has no power over the subject of Slavery in the territories, and that he would veto any bill to prohibit action in the premises. A large portion of Mr. Starkweather's democratic friends supported General Taylor, on the ground that he would not exercise the veto power; and Southern men voted for him because they believed that General Cass would not adhere to the position which he had taken. He proclaimed, in his seat, today, that the people settled the controversy in the late Presidential election, and had proclaimed to the world against the extension of Slavery; and it remains to be seen whether the will of the people will be carried out.

Mr. WILSON, of New Hampshire, looked on this question not as the question of this country, but the question of the age. It is not merely occupying public attention on this continent but in Europe and the world. Opinions were very liberally expressed the other day by the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. Hilliard) who represents the Southern portion of the country. It had been said with wisdom that man is the child of circumstances. The remark is true.—It is not strangely surprising when gentlemen rise to address the House on the country, that coming from different sections, they entertain different opinions. He could feel and realize this diversity of views. Southern men see the first rays of sunlight in the South. From the cradle they tell an individual, organized like themselves, to go, and he goes, to come, and he comes; and they are taught not to live to exert themselves in their own behalf. He was not surprised that gentlemen from the South entertain these opinions. The people of the North are taught from their cradle, that the condition of life is labour. From childhood in the Free States, children are taught that the condition of life is labour. If the child wants anything done, he does it himself; if he wants anything brought he brings it himself. It is labour. This kind of labour influences the feelings and action of the people of the North. They proceeded to speak of Slavery as connected with political affairs. In the first place he did not assent, in the broadest extent, to the charges which are sometimes made against the South as to the suffering of the negroes. He did not believe that the slaves were subjected to critical suffering; he believed that their wants were supplied by their masters and mistresses. Their condition is irretrievably fixed, while they remain in the condition of Slavery. In the North, no man is so poor, but he has hope for his children. In the village schools, the poorest scholars stand at the head of their classes, and come home with the rewards of merit. Poor fathers and poor mothers, however scanty their means of subsistence, are constantly cheered with the hope that, in this free country, their children may become the first men and women of the age and country. The question was, whether it was expedient to extend Slavery. Mr. Wilson referred to the early history of the country, to show that the leading men were not perpetualists, and adverted to the acquisition of Louisiana and Florida, the Missouri compromise, and the admission of Texas, to demonstrate that the slave power, in forty out of sixty years, has had its own course. Whatever it wills, so it would be, sooner or later. [A voice—"it is so."] Slavery passes over the country like a prairie fire, and burns every green thing; and not only that, but burns into the earth. You cannot look out of these windows, but you see this. The earth is a dumb witness; the horses and the oxen speak—the fences speak of it. He was, therefore, opposed to extending Slavery to California. But the day has gone by when the slaveholders can control this question because the sovereign people have taken the matter into their own hands. The constituency have brought their representatives in the position of "charge bayonets," and they say, "abandon our interests if you dare." This feeling and influence extends from Passamaquoddy to the head waters of Des Moines. As to Slavery in the States, let it be; but when gentlemen were asked to extend the institution to territory now free, with the effect which he had described; when they were asked to go one single inch, or the sixteen-hundreth part of a hair's breadth, he could and would not do it. The dissolution of the Union might be spoken of, but this would not lead him to betray the trust confided to him by his constituents. It shall not be again in the power of the South to say, as was remarked by a gentleman of Virginia, in 1819, "We have conquered you, and can conquer you again—not with the black slaves of the South, but the white slaves of the North." He went for Union, and never talked about dissolution. If the alternative were presented, to extend Slavery over the territories, or dissolve the Union, or the universe itself, as God was his judge, he would not do it.

Mr. BEDINGER, of Virginia, said that the South came forward and planted their feet on the Constitution, the instrument which our fathers secured to us. They claim to take property to the territory where the North take theirs. It is common soil, acquired by common blood and treasure. He referred to the Anti-Slavery views heretofore advanced by Mr. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, not forgetting that "sweet negro boy," of whom that gentleman spake on that occasion, Mr. Bedinger remarked, the gentleman did not say whether this boy had a sweet odour; but perhaps like Tuckay Squash, in Salamagundi, he was sweet provided the window was kept open. He said that negro was elected to the Legislature, but refused to take his seat, and the reason was that he did not like the company! This was in character with the negro at the North, as represented in a caricature of Johnson, who was not above drinking with a militia officer, because he thought that a militia officer was as good as a negro, if he kept himself sober. (Ha! ha!) Just so with the negro who was elected to the Legislature. Virginia had been derided by gentlemen from the North; and he wished, in reply, to say that Massachusetts was like the horse leech, always crying "give, give," She was like a sturdy beggar, knocking at the doors of Congress, and seeking for protection. With one hand she would plunder the South, and with the other carry the torch of fanaticism and civil strife throughout the Southern country. Much as gent

Poetry.

From the Evening Post.

MAN.

BY AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE.

Translated from the German, by John F. Van Eden Hollermann.

I.

O! what is man?—half brute, half angel,
Small, piteous, needy,—glorious, great!
And thousand fortunes, thousand changes,
And thousand blessings—are his fate.
To him are born the sweetest pleasures;
And often one too quickly flies.
He's harrassed by a thousand evils;
He lives, grows old, unnerves, and—dies.

II.

I see Creation's great achievement;
Admire, fall prostrate down in prayer;
Perceive that, in God's chosen image,
I am, on earth, tho' First—the Fair.
Swift phantasy supplies me wings,
And carries me to worlds unknown;
As swiftly, freed from transient things,
Dust turns to dust—Earth claims its own.

III.

Immensely great—supremely little,
Of weakness full—creative, strong;
Of sea and land the mighty ruler—
The slave of vice and passion's throng!
Thus man ascends to lofty greatness—
Braves nature, fortune, time and fate;
He sinks in fetters, pines in darkness,
And falls below the brutal state.

IV.

He preaches wisdom, sings of virtue;
Bends at their shrine with aspect grave,
Forgets himself, and wastes his power;
Sinks in voluptuous arms a slave.
Dreams of beatitude in deserts;
Awakes, to shudder and repent;
Strives manly against every passion,
And owns his good—yet weak intent.

V.

Thou master-piece, from hands divine!
Should this thy only portion be?
Should thy creation's aim here end?
Should'st thou of life no object see?
No! for eternity God's formed thee;
For greater glory, brighter light,
And every evil—every blessing,
He sent thee but to guide thee right.

VI.

The errors of the years of childhood
Shall to the man experience prove;
'Tis only after toil and dangers
That true repose is worth our love;
When we, with searching looks for knowledge,
Aspire to wisdom, truth and light;
Then only do our hearts feel rapture,
When shades dispelled leave clear the sight.

VII.

Yonder, where suns at distance move,
The glory of the world I'll see;
Behold Jehovah's might and love,
In robes of light and majesty;
The clouds have vanished from the sky;
I see what hidden was before;
With angel's strength I mount on high,
And suns and planets are no more.

Miscellany.

The Daughter of the Riccarees.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY JULIETTE BAUER.

From the Liberty Bell.*

A BURNING September sun shot its ardent rays on the large sugar and cotton plantations of Louisiana. The effeminate planter retired into the interior of his cool dwelling, and behind well closed shutters, with the claret-filled goblet by his side, lay dreamingly on his rocking-chair, killing time by playing with a silver spoon with the lump of ice shining like a ruby in the wine.

But in the field, exposed to the burning heat which fell on their naked shoulders, stood the long rows of negro slaves, men, women and children, collecting the cotton from their wooden shells, and in the shadow of a neighbouring tree the overseer, whip in hand, languidly watched the panting groups, casting a longing look now and then to the distant piazza of the dwelling-house where a more pleasing picture enchained his eye.

Two steps led to the gallery round the master's house, which was ornamented with flowers of the most gorgeous colours and delicious perfume. But not only flowers ornamented the entrance to Mr. Beaufort's house, who was known as one of the richest planters in the district of the "fausse rivière;" not only flowers swung gently in the scarce perceptible west wind blowing from the region of the river, but among the bud and fruit-enwreathed pillars, kept in motion by the hand of a little negro child, hung a richly plaited hammock in which reposed the lovely daughter of the planter, the most beautiful creole of Louisiana.

And was it to this bright flower that the sun-browned overseer directed his passionate glances? Did he dare to raise his eyes to the richest and most beautiful heiress of the land? Oh, no, he knew well that she hated and despised him; he knew the distance between the maiden and himself; no another being beside Gabriele Beaufort had charmed his sensual mind.

Beside the mistress,—a fan of peacock-feathers in her hand with which she not only fanned the beautiful maiden but also dispersed the buzzing insects,—an equally lovely, though very different girl from the former, reclined on soft cushions. This was a young Indian, whose bronze colour, bright sparkling eye, snow-white teeth and graceful form revealed the child of the woods; only the jet black long hair seemed more to resemble in its bluish shade that of the beautiful Quadroon girls. But melancholy feelings seemed to agitate Saise's breast, and once even, when she thought her mistress would not see her, she turned her face and wiped a tear from her eyes, and a soft, soft sigh was pressed from the poor child's breast.

Gabriele however saw it. Dearest Saise, she said what ails you? Why are you always so sad and will not tell me the cause of your sorrows? Am I not your friend?

Saise pressed her mistress' hand and looked sadly in her clear faithful eyes, then glanced at the little negro girl, and Gabriele understanding the hint, said:

Go down, piccaninny, and count the chickens that run about in the yard; but don't come back till you can tell exactly how many there are.

The child drew her broad mouth to a merry grin, and jumped quickly down the steps to obey the command of her "missus." Gabriele smiled a moment after her and then turning to Saise said kindly: you see now, the child is gone; tell me frankly what grieves you. I am sure I can help you.

Hear me, then, said the Indian, calming herself; in a few words I can tell you all, and perhaps it is better you should know.

I am the only daughter of the chief of the Riccarees, and a portion of our tribe—for your white brothers have almost exterminated our nation—had settled near the Osages, between them and the Cherokees. My father was a friend to the whites, for he saw that the only safety for the remaining portion of our nation was that the latter should conform to the laws and manners of their victors.—Therefore every white man was welcome to our hut, and my father treated them as friends. Once only the latent fire of the warrior awoke in him, when a white man whom he had liberally entertained grew bold and insolent towards me, and at last asserted I had no right to be so prudish for that I was only, as my hair clearly proved *a nigger*. Had an arrow struck my father he could not have started up more quickly. He was the first warrior of his tribe and my mother had been the daughter of a Sioux chief; he had made her prisoner and afterwards loved and married her. Deeply wounded in his pride, and maddened by passion and anger, he seized the tomahawk and threw it at his—guest.

The white man fell, and in the same moment my father remembered with deep anguish that he had violated the laws of hospitality. He tended the wounded man as if he had been his son, till he recovered and could leave our settlement. But that man was a devil, the blow had filled him with rage and thirst for revenge. In three nights he returned secretly with accomplices, noiselessly attacked our hut, killed my poor old father who rushed to defend us, gagged and bound me, lifted me on a horse and galloped in breathless haste towards the Mississippi. The speed at which we proceeded deprived me of consciousness, and when I recovered I was lying bound as before on the ground, while a strange, dark-looking man was writing out a bill of sale of me; he then carried your poor Saise to a canoe which he rowed.

Helpless and lost I lay on the boards of the swinging canoe, and all the evil that threatened me rose in terrific pictures before my soul. I felt that I was in the power of the man who kept his lustful eyes fixed upon me; that as a slave I could not hope for pity from the whites, and for the first time the thought of suicide flashed on my brain. The canoe was very small and I saw that at my slightest movement the rower anxiously attempted to keep the balance. A sudden movement to the side—the boat would upset and I should be free. Scarcely had I imagined this plan for my deliverance, which was certain death—for although I can swim like a fish, my hands were tied—than I determined upon its execution. I saw that we were not far from a long island which lay just before us. For the last time I prayed silently to the Manitou of my nation I looked up to the bright sunlight which for the last time smiled on me, I drew a long last breath of the sweet air of this beautiful earth, and with a sudden jerk I threw myself against the side of the narrow vessel. Stop! stop! we shall sink! cried the robber, and tried to restore the balance on the other side; but I followed his movements, and in the next moment I felt the cool waters close over me. The canoe was upset.

I was determined that the white man should never touch me again in life—I sunk, as I thought never to rise again.

But God willed it otherwise. The strong tide bore me upwards and my head knocked against something hard; I thought at first it was the canoe, but the next moment convinced me that I had got among the thick underwood on the shore, on a spot where my feet could touch the ground, and where dense bushes above formed an opening into which I could put my head and breathe. I was saved for the moment, but the strong tide which broke near me against the slight protection I had found, threatened soon to overthrow it and to drag me inch by inch into the water and destroy me. I had boldly met a *speedy* death, but to die here slowly, slowly, perhaps—Oh! it was terrible.

Unhappy child, whispered Gabriele, pressing her hand against her heart; why did you conceal all this from me? Was that right? But how did you escape the terrible fate?—For hours, continued Saise, I remained there; far more terrible than death was the thought of again falling into the hands of that man, and I dared to make no efforts to save myself. But when I could no longer bear to be in the water, for the cold was paralyzing my limbs, I tried to release my hands from the chains which yet bound them. I was successful. They were leather thongs and had stretched with the water,—my hands slipped out and I was free! Now I feared nothing; the man must have left the spot or else been drowned; I dived, rose again, and in a few moments saw once more the light of day. But yet I did not dare to show myself; I crept slowly and cautiously along the warm bank and relieved my heart by prayer and tears of gratitude.

The rest you know. Your father found me a few days later in the woods. You protected me, and in your heart I have found kindness and assistance.

Then why your continual sorrow, my dear child, said the maiden. You are with friends who will not permit you to be harmed; or have you any other griefs?

Did you see, said Saise, looking round anxiously, how they gave up the poor creature to her master, who he said had run away from him?

But it was a slave, and he was her master.

And how do you know that he was her master, did she not swear that she had never seen him?

But he had the bill of sale, in which her whole person was described, replied Gabriele.

They took her away in chains, continued Saise with increasing terror, and such a bill of sale is written of me; my person, my face, my hair, my eyes, even the mark on my shoulder are described. Oh God! She sunk down sobbing and hid her face in the cushions.

Gabriele sprung out of the hammock and hastened to the side of her friend to console her, though she knew too well the danger which would threaten her if she were again discovered by the robber.

Come, she said to the weeping one, I know how to help thee. You know our friend, the young Creole, St. Clyde, he is friendly to us both, to you as well as to me, he will advise us. Either he will hasten to the Cherokees or Osages to bring witnesses, or he will send a messenger. At all events you must accuse the robber, that is the only way to avoid his persecution. Celeste, Celeste, she called to the little child who was yet counting the fowls, come here, and first send me Endymion. But Endymion was there behind his playfellow and said: Missus wants Dymion, here he is.

Endymion, said Gabriele, you know where Mr. St. Clyde lives?

Massa Clyde, yes, nodded the negro boy, but a strange gentleman is here.

Very well, take him to my father, continued the young woman impatiently. You must hasten to Mr. St. Clyde as quickly as possible, and ask him to come here if he can, immediately. And feed my horse, we may want it for a sudden journey.

The round face of the boy suddenly disappeared, and in a few moments the hoofs of his horse were heard galloping along the road.

Gabriele was consoling Saise, while the stranger, an old friend of Duxon the overseer, and who had been connected with him in many disgraceful actions, supped with Mr. Beaufort. He despised all negroes, to the most distant generations, and divided the world into planters, non-planters and negroes, associating only with the richest among the former. He so ingratiated himself with the old gentleman that he invited him to spend the night in his house.

Gabriele was leaning thoughtfully against a pillar, looking along the road on which she expected to see her messenger return. Saise sat at her feet pressing her hand to her hot cheeks and with her eyes following the look of her friend and mistress.

The steps of the men sounded on the stairs.

He stays long, whispered Gabriele.

Very long, said Saise, and she felt her friend's eyes on her, but she did not meet them leaned against her more affectionately.

Saise, are you not consoled yet? said Gabriele, How red you are.

Good evening ladies, said the stranger.

Good evening, children, said Mr. Beaufort. Mr. Pitwell, my daughter and her friend, a young Indian, Well, Gabriele, is Saise ill? What ails the girl?

Saise rose, turned towards the stranger, looked at him for one moment, gave a heart-rending shriek and fell fainting on the floor.

Gabriele, immediately guessing the truth, threw her handkerchief over her friend's face, but it was too late. Pitwell pulled away the handkerchief and exclaimed in astonishment,—My drowned slave!

Your *what*, cried Mr. Beaufort, your *slave?* She is an Indian, they are never sold.

I demand my property, said Pitwell, coolly opening his pocketbook. Here's the bill of sale, he continued. Her father was an Indian, but her mother was of mixed blood; that she is the right one, the mark on her shoulder will prove.

Beaufort read, returned the letter, and advanced towards Saise.

Back, father, said Gabriele, in extreme terror. I swear this bill of sale has been forged. Saise has told me all; she has been stolen from her tribe, and her father murdered.

Nonsense, said Pitwell, smiling. Have you ever met a run-away nigger, miss, who has not invented some such creditable tale?

Father, father, said Gabriele; and she tried to oppose him, but he pushed her aside angrily, and said:

This is too much, I shall do her no harm; if she is an Indian, she is free; but if I find the mole,—the devil! yes, there it is. Mr. Pitwell—

Stop, screamed Gabriele, here is Mr. St. Clyde. Wait till he comes, he cannot, he will not allow it.

Mr. St. Clyde has no business to interfere in our affairs. Mr. Pitwell, the girl is yours, and she may thank my daughter for not having a sound taste of the lash for imposing on me and having made me eat at the same table with a nigger.

A man's steps were heard on the stairs.

Mr. St. Clyde! help! help! cried Gabriele.

At the moment that he entered the room Saise opened her eyes; one look told her everything. For a few moments she concealed her face on her friend's breast, then she rose and looked wildly and shudderingly around her.

For Heaven's sake what has happened? exclaimed St. Clyde, rushing to the terrified girl and supporting her. What has happened, Miss Beaufort?

Save Saise, she exclaimed,—save her from that fellow.

Gabriele, said her father, I am tired of this; Mr. St. Clyde leave the *nigger* to herself, it does not become a white man—

Mr. Beaufort!

Certainly, the girl is this gentleman's runaway slave.

It is false, said Saise, suddenly rising proudly.—Her whole strength had returned, and the free daughter of the woods spoke in her. She related her whole story, but in vain;—a white man claimed her as his slave, he held the fatal bill of sale, there was no help for her.

Gabriele, as a last resource, offered to buy her friend from the stranger, but St. Clyde exclaimed—

No, no, that would be acknowledging that she belongs to the proscribed race. Pure and free she shall be proved, if the proof costs me my life. You, Mr. Pitwell, must remain in the parish till you have cleared yourself from this accusation, and she must not be delivered into your hands.

You may accuse me, sir, said Mr. Pitwell, I know the laws well enough to have nothing to fear; but you may not keep my property from me.

First prove that it is your property.

That is proved, Mr. St. Clyde, returned Mr. Beaufort, and you will oblige me if you will interrupt us no further. Mr. Duxton,—he turned to the overseer,—pray take this runaway slave to one of the negro huts. You answer for her safety.

Duxton took out his bowie knife and said: the girl is under my care, and whoever tampers with my niggers may have an inch of cold steel in his body.

St. Clyde was unarmed, besides he knew how the laws protected the overseers if a stranger interfered with their business. But he vowed to himself he would save Saise if it should even cost his life.—Farewell, Miss Beaufort, he said, do not desert her, and let me feel that she is not alone in the world, while I go to fetch counsel and aid. He hastened down the stairs, mounted his horse and was soon out of sight. Gabriele bent over the sobbing girl, while two negroes came to bear her to one of the low huts appointed for the negroes. Gabriele retired to her chamber, the gentlemen to their supper, where Mr. Beaufort repeatedly thanked Pitwell for having saved him from the shame of having "niggers" at his table.

After supper, Pitwell walked out with the overseer in the grounds, and related to his old friend the whole story of Saise's capture. I wonder, he said, how she escaped. I saw her sink, and her hands were tied.

The Indians can swim like fish. But, Pitwell, said Duxton, I will buy her from you.

You? But the young Creole?

Never mind him. We shall be far enough when he returns.

They soon settled on the terms, and also how in three days Duxton would join Pitwell on his way to Texas, whither he was going with several slaves, bought from dishonest overseers or acquired as Saise, or as her full name was, Madounis-Ais; had been obtained. Duxton had already secured a considerable sum during the three years he had managed Mr. Beaufort's plantation, and hoped to be able to take several slaves with him, by making them fair promises of less work, more liberty, and a better climate.

In the meantime St. Clyde had hastened so quickly to the judge's house in the nearest town, that, as he dismounted at the door, his horse fell down worn out with fatigue. Without bestowing a look upon it, he bounded up stairs, rushed into the judge's room, and in a few words related the crime that was being enacted.

The judge was a good man, humane in the exercise of his authority, but he shook his head doubtfully, for he knew the power of a bill of sale. Young man, he said, this is a bad case. It seems to me also that you look upon all this in too romantic a manner; but if it is all true I do not see how I can help you; we may not act *against the law* if even we have the firm belief that the girl is wrongfully seized.

But is it not possible to release her from this man's power until we can bring witnesses from her own tribe?

My dear friend, the tribe lives seven or eight hundred miles from here. No, that wont do. Even if you have the witnesses they would only be—Indians. The best plan is for you to *buy* the girl, if you really care so much about her.

Buy! said St. Clyde, with agony in his voice.—*Buy?* Is she then really a slave? Is there no way to save her from this shame?

I fear not, at all events it is the safest plan. Perhaps the stranger will consent to accept only part of the payment, and then we can proceed in the matter.

But my dear judge, said the Creole, you know I am *poor*. My only horse is ruined, and I have scarcely money enough to buy another. How shall I get the money that rascal will ask for Saise?

Well, listen St. Clyde. I will buy the girl myself and keep her; whenever you have the money you shall have her.

Buy and always *buy*, sighed the Creole.

Accept my proposition said the judge, kindly. My wife is alone and wants a companion. Saise shall be treated as my daughter.

Well then, it shall be so, exclaimed St. Clyde. I must obey, it will save her for the moment. But I shall find witnesses of her free birth, if I have to fetch them from the poles.

It will be of no use. But if you will send messengers to the tribe I can tell you where to find some. Seven or eight Indians, Choctaws, were here this morning from the other side of the Mississippi. They sold skins and took powder, lead, and whiskey in exchange.

But you must first arrange this sale. Here, take this letter for old Beaufort, he will buy her for me; I will find you a new horse, but you must not go this evening. Mr. Beaufort is always cross when he is interrupted after dinner. Nine o'clock in the best time to speak with him. I will consult a lawyer to-morrow about the matter, and if it is possible to prove her free descent, he will do it.

St. Clyde obeyed the judge's advice, spent the night with him, and started the next morning on a fresh horse. On the way he felt how impossible it was for him to live without Saise; he was poor and had nothing but his own strength and perseverance, but he knew the daughter of the woods would not regret luxuries she had never enjoyed; but first she must be proved free as the bird of the air. He spurred his faithful animal to greater speed and arrived at the plantation as Mr. Beaufort was sitting down to his breakfast.

Hallo, St. Clyde, he said, I am glad you have come; I was cross last night, that damned nigger vexed me. Take a seat: oh, you seek my daughter. She is not well this morning and begs to be excused.

And—and Saise?

Mr. St. Clyde, if we are to remain friends, don't spoil my breakfast with that stupid matter. The affair is concluded.

Concluded? Is Saise gone?

Not yet. But please take a seat, the claret is first rate and the breakfast excellent.

Mr. Beaufort, here is a letter from the Judge; he begs you will oblige him. The happiness of a human being depends on it.

This is too much, said Beaufort. Do you think I would let my claret get warm and my beefsteak cool for the sake of the whole world? Whatever can't wait till after breakfast, may stay away entirely, I say.

St. Clyde saw that speaking would be of no avail; he waited as calmly as he could until after breakfast, and then reminded Beaufort of the letter. He read it, shook his head and said, it is too late, my overseer has bought her, you may apply to him, I will not interfere.

But, Mr. Beaufort, said St. Clyde, what makes you so harsh with the poor girl; you used to treat her as your daughter.

That's the reason, sir, replied the planter. That I should have tolerated such a disgrace! To show my niggers that their master has dined at the same table with one of them!

But if Saise is really of pure Indian descent, and you assist in this crime? If that stranger has *forged* the bill of sale, and you plunge an unfortunate girl who looked upon you as her second father, into this nameless misery?—

Nonsense, nonesense, leave me alone with your lamentations! the girl is sold, and that is done. If you care so much about it, buy her. Duxon will let you have her, if you give him fifty dollars profit;—or—go into the field and send him to me, I want to speak with him.

The old man went angrily into the next room. But he was angry not with the young Creole, but with himself. For the first time he thought that he might have been too hasty, therefore he proposed to buy Saise and then to discover if she really had negro blood in her veins. Until then, she might live by herself, and have no connection with himself or his daughter.

An hour later, Duxon and Pitwell stood together on the shore.

Pitwell, said the former, we must go to-morrow. Old Beaufort gets suspicious. Only fancy,—he wants to buy the girl,—and when I refused to sell her, he grew angry and told me in an hour I was to bring my accounts, and I might go. I am not sorry, for when he does it, so suddenly, there are many things he will not discover to be wrong. To-morrow morning I shall be ready; in four days we must be in Texas.

Very well, I am prepared. I and two assistants brought down all my negroes this morning.

But, Pitwell, said Duxon, I don't doubt we shall get away safely; but if Texas is annexed, as they say it will be, what shall we do then? The Government will give us up.

Pitwell laughed. If the Government should give up every one who has committed a crime, who would remain on the land to cultivate it? No fears of that, Duxon.

Very well then; to morrow, before daylight, we will start. We need not fear pursuit, for Beaufort does not get up so early. But will Saise go with us quietly?

What a question for an overseer. Have you no whip?

Duxon smiled. You understand how to treat *ladies*. But I have other means,—I shall take the little gig. I wanted to stay with my little *wife*, quietly, to day, and I shall have to run about constantly. Well, I can make up in Texas, she will not be angry, I dare say.

No, I dare say not; but now to work. There is the young fellow that makes so much bother about the Indian. The lady of the house is with him.

A splendid girl! a pity you have no bill of sale of her. I would buy her also.

The worthy pair separated to make their arrangements.

St. Clyde and Gabriele were walking in the garden together.

We must go, said the young man, I must go and seek help. Since this catastrophe I only know, I feel—how I——. He was silent, and turned away.

How you love Saise, says Gabriele, with soft, almost inaudible voice,—looking straight at the young Creole. Is it not so, St. Clyde? You—you love the Indian?

Yes, Miss Beaufort, yes, why should I conceal it from you. You were her friend as long as you could protect her; you will assist me as far as you can.

Gabriele composed herself quickly from her emotion. But what will you do? What can you do against these wretches who have the law on their side.

Nothing *with* the law, everything *against* it.—The Judge told me yesterday that a troop of Choctaws are encamped on the Mississippi, they must help me. But one request more I have to make. Will you protect Saise?

How can I? said Gabriele, anxiously. She belongs to Duxon now.

I know you have much influence over your father and that fellow. Persuade them not to claim Saise this night, and let her remain with you; or, if that is impossible, with that old negro woman.

You will *carry her off?*

No, said St. Clyde, gloomily, her bill of sale would remain in the hands of that fellow, and Saise be eternally miserable at the thought. I must get the document in my possession. Will you promise to watch over Saise?

Yes, whispered Gabriele, and pressed his hand. And you will—

Save Saise, or die, he replied firmly.

And then when you—when Saise is yours?

I shall go to a distant land where men are not sold and bought like animals.

With Saise?

With my wife.

Then farewell, St. Clyde. May God protect and aid you!

St. Clyde kissed her hand, mounted his horse, and galloped along the stream, to the ferry. While the ferry-boat was taking him and his horse across, he asked if Indians had crossed the river yesterday.

Yes: they crossed the river in two canoes, letting the horses swim after them, with bridles or ropes.

And do you think I shall find them?

I don't think it will be difficult. They had a quantity of whiskey with them, and so they will certainly not be gone to hunt to-day. If you go to that little house there, peeping through the cotton trees, I dare say they can tell you in what direction the Indians can be found.

The boat now reached the land. St. Clyde again mounted his horse and hastened to the hut which had been pointed out to him.

The backwoodsman stood at the door. St. Clyde asked him if he knew where the Indians were who had crossed the ferry the previous day. The former, without replying, stood in a listening attitude, and remained several minutes in that position, while St. Clyde twice repeated the question.

There they are in the wood, he replied, at last pointing to a narrow path which led into the thicket.

The Indians? asked St. Clyde, in surprise.

Yes, nodded the American, and continued to smoke without paying any more attention to the young Creole. The latter having attentively listened for a few moments, thought he heard distant tones, and hastily thanking the man, advanced as quickly as the thick underwood would permit. In a short time he reached a clear space at the edge of a small pond, and saw a picturesque and strange scene. Stretched on the rich grass and surrounded by a semi-circle of smoking fires which served to keep off the musquitoes, some in their hunting garments, others without, but every one with an almost empty whiskey bottle in his hand, seven red skinned hunters lay singing and shouting beneath the high trees of the forest, while the most sober one, who seemed to be the leader of the band, was beating time to the horrid noise, with his sharp scalping knife. He was the first to discover the stranger, but, without moving, he held the bottle towards him, stammering:—here—stranger—drink—drink.

Good God! exclaimed St. Clyde, are these the men from whom I expected help! He dismounted and walked up and down, with downcast eyes, beside the young huntsman, who continued to sing his song, ending—

Huh, huh, huh spurn the Muskokee,
Wah, wah, wah, the scalp here see.

At the name, Muskokee, St. Clyde stood still.—He knew the Riccarees were at war with the Muskokees, but the Choctaws were their enemies also. The Indians might belong to either of the tribes.

Are you a Riccaree? he asked. Well, what's the matter, replied the Indian, trying to find again the interrupted melody, and beating the time with his feet.

You must come with me to save a child of your tribe who is in great danger.

My tribe is in Missouri, murmured the Indian, and then again sung his song.

Poor Saise, sighed St. Clyde, in despair, seeing that in the Indian's present state he could hope for no assistance.

Ais? stammered he, who speaks of the Medounis-Ais? She is dead. I want whiskey—whiskey.

And "whiskey" was repeated by the unconscious companions of the revel.

You know Medounis-Ais? cried the Creole, seizing the staggering young man. Medounis-Ais *lives*, she lives, and you must help me to save here!

Lives, save, where?, asked the drunken man, endeavouring to fathom the meaning of these words, while his glassy eyes stared firmly at the stranger.

In a few words St. Clyde related Saise's story to the attentively listening Indian, who stood with his hands firmly pressing his temples; when at last he began to conceive the fate of the unhappy girl in clear colours, he seized the bottle, in rage and anger, and dashed it against the nearest tree.

Poison—poison—poison, he cried, my sister sold and I am drunk. Poison, poison, whiskey!

Whiskey, repeated the band, who had only sense enough left to understand the last word.

But stop, said the Indian, it is not yet too late, there is time yet; and quickly throwing off his hunting gown and leggins, he jumped from the shore into the water, dived several times and landed again. Then, without taking the trouble to dress, he ran into the wood and soon reappeared on the back of a little powerful pony. His clothes and his weapons were soon collected, and almost before the Creole could mount his horse he motioned him to follow.

When they arrived at the Mississippi, he again dived into the water, to destroy the effects of the fire-water, and when he had resumed his garments, he brought a little canoe from a hidden creek. St. Clyde held the bridles of the horses on each side, while Wetoka, the Indian, quickly and skilfully rowed the boat across the strong tide. From the opposite shore the Indian and the Creole directed their steps to the house of the Judge. On the way, Wetako told St. Clyde that he had followed his sister and caught and killed her captor, but that his endeavours to find the lost one had been in vain. In despair he had joined a band of hunting Choctaws had become indifferent to all that used to be dear to him, devoted himself to drink, and thus followed the example of the whole of his unfortunate tribe.

The double bath and the great surprise the news of his sister had caused, had completely sobered him; he was now the calm, collected Indian, determined to save his sister by force or cunning.

It was very late, or rather early morning when they arrived at the Judge's house, and while they were yet consulting as to the best mode of action, a constable rushed in, saying that news had arrived, accusing Pitwell of being the paid robber of many plantation negroes, and that he, with Mr. Beaufort's overseer, and the newly bought Indian, had fled in haste; the latter, who had resisted, having been taken away in chains, and that several negroes had been stolen also from Mr. Beaufort's plantation.

Wetako and St. Clyde started up, and no entreaties or warnings of the Judge could induce them to stay until a sufficient force had been assembled to conduct the pursuit more efficiently.

No, no, cried Wetako. Medounis-Ais in chains, and Wetako with knife and gun on their trace. We will go!

For Heaven's sake commit no murder! cried the terrified Judge. You don't know our laws. A life-long imprisonment would be your sentence.

The Indian smiled grimly. Why do you not imprison the panther which kills your herds by night? he said. Wetoka is a man, and his traces are deep.

He leaped into the saddle, followed by St. Clyde, and they hastened to the spot from which the robber had started. Beaufort's plantation was in confusion. The neighbouring planters were assembling to pursue the fugitives, and one detachment was already on its way. St. Clyde merely stopped to ask in which direction the gig was gone, and then, like dark avenging gods, they followed.

But when Duxon, who had been detained behind his fellows, heard the sounds of the pursuers behind him, he turned from the open road into the wood, and he knew that in a quarter of an hour he would arrive at a morass where the traces of his wheels would soon be lost. His plan succeeded for the moment; the planters, unacquainted with the mode of following traces, did not notice the turning of the wheels, and pursued the beaten road.

Duxon had however not calculated on Saise's opposition. As long as they were on the high road she had not given up the hope of being overtaken by her lover; but when she saw herself surrounded only by trees, entirely in the power of the man she most feared and hated, she thought her fate sealed, and with despairing exertion tried to break her chains. Though she did not succeed in breaking the chains round her wrists, she at last broke the thongs which bound them down; immediately she tore the gag from her mouth, and, prompted by despair and misery, she uttered a loud scream which so startled the poney that it turned into the wood, and in the next moment the light vehicle knocked against one of the protruding roots of the trees, and was upset, throwing the master and his slave into the thicket.

Duxon quickly jumped up again, but his first care was devoted to the gig, which contained his whole property. He seized the horse by the bridle, and pulled it so violently that the blood of his torn mouth mingled with its foam; and then, while the trembling animal stood still, he, with giant strength, raised the fallen gig.

But now he turned in rage to Saise, who had recovered from the shock of the fall, and was filling the air with her cries. He raised the heavy handle of the whip to strike her, when in the distance a loud cry sounded through the quiet wood. Duxon stopped to listen, and Saise stood as if transformed to stone, so intently and immovably did she look towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

There is no time to lose, said the overseer to himself. Come, child, be wise, the first cry you utter is death! and with these words he stooped to lift her into the carriage again. But at his touch the almost frozen girl revived; with all the power of which she was capable, she raised the light chain which bound her wrists, and dashed it with such force against the robber's head, that he fell half unconscious to the ground. Again and louder the unfortunate girl raised her cry, when Duxon, maddened with rage and pain, hearing the replying and approaching signal, drew his broad knife from the sheath, and bounding towards the shrinking victim, buried the knife in her breast.

Death-struck, Saise fell to the ground in the yellow herbage, but Duxon flew to the coach, tore out a large pocket-book which he hid under his waistcoat, cut the traces of his carriage, threw his gun over his shoulder, leaped on his horse and disappeared in the thicket.

Scarcely had he vanished on the one side than on the other two riders appeared on foaming horses, but stopped in terror at the sight. While the one, with a wild cry of agony, leaped from the saddle and fell on the bleeding body of the beautiful girl, the other, listening for a few moments, and without bestowing a look on the corpse, pursued the murderer. Scarcely had he ridden two hundred yards when he caught sight of him trying to raise his fallen horse. He stopped his poney, raised the gun, and the red flash blazed through the dark wood.

The overseer felt himself wounded, and raised his gun to return the fire; but the Indian's tomahawk wounded the left arm, which dropped powerless; and before he could take aim again, the war-cry of the Ricarees sounded through the wood, the bowie-knife hissed in the air, and the wretch sank to the ground.

In the meantime the young Creole knelt beside the bleeding body of the beautiful and unfortunate maiden. He tried to bind the deep, gaping wound, but it was too late; death had claimed her. He heard the cry of the pursuers, the yell of the Riccaree, but he perceived nothing,—his eye was fixed on the red stream gushing from the side of the beloved one, till all was night around him.

When he recovered, the Riccaree stood beside him; he had folded his blanket round his sister, and when he saw St. Clyde revive, he lifted her upon the horse.

Wetako, what will you do? exclaimed the Creole. Where are you going?

I will bring the chief's daughter to the tribe of the Riccarees, replied the young Indian, and tell them it is the peace-offering of the whites. They have taken our land, here is blood to manure the new —— farewell!

And the robber? asked St. Clyde, looking half unconsciously yet at the bloody corse Wetako held in his arms.

The robber, sneered the Riccaree, turning back his cloak—he belongs to *me!* And the horrified Creole recognized the bloody scalp of the wretched man in his belt. But ere he could say a word, the Indian mounted his horse, took his sister's body in front, spurred on the animal, and in a moment disappeared.

When the planters with their overseers had caught Pitwell and executed summary justice by hanging him on the nearest tree, they turned to trace the overseer in his gig.

They found it, and the evidence of the deathly struggle.

Not far from the scene, leaning against the trunk of a tree, with a discharged pistol in his right hand, lay the corpse of the young Creole.

* AMY, a tale by Mrs Dall, published in a recent number of the *Standard* should have been credited to the "*Bell*."

DEFENCE OF A DUNCE.

"Let us, people who are so uncommonly learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with prodigious talents which we have. I have always had a regard for dunces; those of my own school days were amongst the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.

"Those poor dunces! Talk of being the last man, ah! what pang it must be to be the last boy—huge misshapen, fourteen years of age,—and 'taken up' by a chap who is but six years old, and can't speak quite plain yet!

"Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch's. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, jump, play at cricket, dive and swim perfectly—he can eat twice as much as almost any lady (as Miss Birch well knows,) he has a pretty talent of carving figures with his hack-knife, he makes and paints little coaches, he can take a watch to pieces and put it together again. He can do everything but learn his lesson; and there he sticks at the bottom of the school, hopeless. As the little boys are drafted from Miss Raby's class (it is true she is one of the best instructressess in the world,) they enter and hop over poor Hulker. He would be handed over to the governess only he is too big. Sometimes I used to think, that this desperate stupidity was a stratagem of the poor rascal's; and that he shammed dullness so that he might be degraded into Miss Raby's class; if she would teach *me*, I know, before George, I would put on a pinafore and a little jacket—but no, it is a natural incapacity for the Latin Grammar.

"If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog's ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged. Many of the pages are worn away, with the rubbing of his elbows as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the blows of his fists as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand, as he tries and tries, and can't do it.

"When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal As in Præsenti, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth: upon my conscience I am surprised that we ever survived it.—When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whop those who *won't* learn.

"The Doctor has operated upon Hulker (between ourselves,) but the boy was so little affected you would have thought he had taken chloroform.—Birch is weary of whipping now, and leaves the boy to his own gait. Prince, when he hears the lesson, and who cannot help making fun of a fool, adopts the sarcastic manner with Master Hulker, and says, 'Mr. Hulker may I take the liberty to inquire if your brilliant intellect has enabled you to perceive the difference between those words which grammarians have defined as substantive and adjective nouns?—if not, perhaps Mr. Ferdinand Timmins will instruct you.' And Timmins hops over Hulker's head.

"I wish Prince would leave off girding at the poor lad. He's an only son, and his mother is a widow woman, who loves him with all her might. There is a famous sneer about the sucking fools and the chronicling of small beer; but remember it was a rascal who uttered it."—*Thackeray's Dr. Birch.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

On Saturday evening Dr. Bowring left Southampton on board the *Indus*, bound for Alexandria, on his way to Canton.

Alexandre Dumas, who boasted that he earned £6,000 a year by his pen, has declared himself insolvent, surrendered all his effects, and sought the protection of the courts.—*Jerrold's News.*

Dr. Knox (*Medical Times*) describes the Saxon as "the fair-haired, blue-eyed race; the fairest race on the earth; perhaps the only absolutely fair race which has ever occupied the surface of the globe."

"The Saxon," says Dr. Knox (*Medical Times,*) "fixes on a few Scandinavian or northern airs, and calls them national; being without a musical ear generally, he even thinks them beautiful, as by habit people eat olives, and use tobacco."

"The flogging of an English sailor on board the *Bulldog* at Civita Vecchia," writes the Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, "has brought to discount, in Rome, our character as a civilized people."

In a lecture at the Cardiff Athenæum, Mrs. Clara Balfour said: "Hannah More was not affluent, and rose to her high position from the drudgeries of a domestic life; her father taught her Latin and mathematics, and stopped, frightened at his own success. Would he have acted so towards a son?"

In a recent letter General Sir W. Napier says: "Was requires a stern organization, fitted to raise men above the ordinary weaknesses, wants, and emotions of humanity; it will not admit of delicate consideration for bodily suffering or nice sensibilites; the soldier must do or die."

THE FAMILY OF CHANNING.—Among the prisoners who were sentenced to transportation for joining in Monmouth's rebellion, in 1685, were four persons of the name of *Channing*, namely Roger, Thomas, William, and Matthias. The biographer of Dr. Channing does not trace the pedigree of his subject beyond the grandfather.—This notice may assist him a step further.—*London Athenæum.*

One "J. J. Flournoy," a "respectable" slave-owner, we suppose, has written to Douglass's *North Star* to prove how inferior he (this Flournoy) was to Frederick Douglass, for thus is the letter commenced: "J. DICK AND FRED. DOUGLASS.—I like not to misdignify myself by writing to negroes, that I know my natural inferiors." *Misdignify* himself! He! exclaims *Jerrold's News.*

Mr. McGhee, in his *Nation*, blarneys the Americans very pleasantly, mixing therewith some truths, which is the high art of blarney. He especially admires their rigorous enforcement of the doctr